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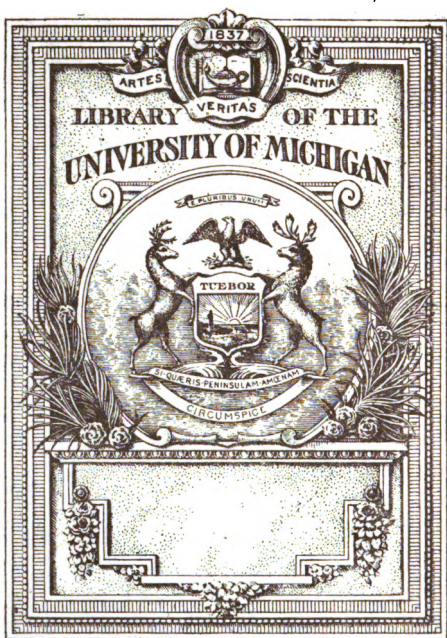
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WAR VERSE



EDITED BY
FRANK FOXCROFT



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WAR VERSE

EDITED BY
FRANK FOXCROFT

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



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To
F. R. F.

123575

PREFACE

THIS is by no means the first collection of poems of the great war; and it is certain that it will not be the last. If it has one outstanding characteristic which distinguishes it from other collections, it is that the material for it is not the result of a quest among volumes of verse, and only to a slight degree is it the work of the recognized poets.

It owes its origin to the fact that the Editor has been a close reader of the English journals, magazines and reviews since August, 1914, and has been increasingly impressed with the fine quality of the war verse contributed by writers unknown or little known. The spirit rather than the form of this verse carries its appeal to the reader. It is not the work of professional verse writers who have seen in the events of the war stirring and timely literary material; but, to a large extent, it is the spontaneous expression of sincere feeling,—the feeling of the soldier in the trenches, waiting for the order to go “over the top” the next morning, and thinking of home, of England, of Oxford, or of the crocuses of Nottingham, or the feeling of the wounded man in the hospital or of the nurse who cares for him. In not a few instances, the poems, when printed, have borne, under the name of the writer, the inscription “Killed in action, —,” which has given the lines the peculiar poignancy of a message from a man who has fought his last fight, and has done it without fear or faltering.

Regarded merely as verse, some of the poems by little-known writers in this collection rise to as high a level as the writing of the recognized poets; regarded as the expression of true feeling, they often rise much higher.

It would be presumptuous to describe this volume as an anthology. That term would imply research, orderly arrangement, classification. It has seemed to the Editor more suitable to present these poems without explanations or any definite grouping. The verses are sometimes light and gay, more often serious, but always they ring true.

FRANK FOXCROFT.

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War Verse

AMERICA COMES IN

We are coming from the ranch, from the city and the mine,
And the word has gone before us to the towns upon the Rhine;

As the rising of the tide
On the Old-World side,
We are coming to the battle, to the Line.

From the valleys of Virginia, from the Rockies in the North,
We are coming by battalions, for the word was carried forth:

"We have put the pen away
And the sword is out to-day,
For the Lord has loosed the Vintages of Wrath."

We are singing in the ships as they carry us to fight,
As our fathers sang before us by the camp-fires' light;
In the wharf-light glare,
They can hear us Over There
When the ships come steaming through the night.

Right across the deep Atlantic where the *Lusitania* passed,
With the battle-flag of Yankee-land a-floating at the mast
We are coming all the while,
Over twenty hundred mile,
And we're staying to the finish, to the last.

We are many—we are one—and we're in it overhead,
We are coming as an Army that has seen its women dead,
 And the old Rebel Yell
 Will be loud above the shell
When we cross the top together, seeing red.

KLAXON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

Men of the 21st
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!
Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear.
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of its burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns and the Boche,
When our Corporal shouted "Stand to!"
And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front
for the Guards!"
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
Coldstream and Grenadiers.

WAR VERSE

Two brigades, if you please,
Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—we were down on our knees,
Praying for us and for them!
Praying with tear-wet cheek,
Praying with outstretched hand,
Lord, I could speak for a week,
But how could you understand!
How should *your* cheeks be wet,
Such feelin's don't come to *you*.
But when can me or my mates forget,
When the Guards came through!

“Five yards left extend!”
It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank.
A trifle of swank and dash,
Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Flinching never a shade,
With the shrapnel right in their face
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

The Times.

FLAGRANTE BELLO

*When little kings, by mighty crowds acclaimed,
Triumphant come from wars they visited,
And men who were enriched by those who died
Are honored for their wealth and for their words;
When money-lords conspire afresh to drive
Men's noblest passions to the basest use,
And women, white and warm as may, whose ghosts
Made e'en the mud and blood of war to bloom—
When women droop within the coward's reach;
Hold them apart, of happier company,
The greatest legion ever raised by Death!
Or would you speak of them say only this:*

No envy touched them, and no greed, nor hate,
No sorrow, and the smouldering of loss.
Theirs was no huckster's aim and trader's fight,
The Sicyon paths of gamblers and of knaves;
But the high usufruct of wondrous things,
The sunsets and the dawns, and face of earth
Sweet after rains, and brown, and patched with cloud,
Or green where fields are flowered for little feet;
And sings the lark 'midst white and magic skies,
And speeds the busy teamster on his plough,
Till twilight falls, and twilight's looms enfold
With sacred light his cottage and its babes—
All that is May-time, all that is England,
Not soon forgot, yet readily forgone,
When Freedom, like a wind, blows through the soul,
And men have marked the night, and with the stars
Go out, in silence, and the rush of gold,
Taking their beauty with them, even as gods!

*O gentlemen of England, England's sons,
O tiny lads who climbed a father's knee,*

*And grew in knighthood 'neath a mother's eyes,
With Youth's delight in sunshine and in power,
(His ears enjeweling the blazoned tide,
His wings within the glory of the dawn,
His feet upon the path, and seeming sleep
Against the light before he woke to speed,
And swooned upon the goal; the breasts of victory!)*
*Did we not know that you would play as well
When peril chose the game, and pain the prize;
Did we not know that you would race to die?
No greater glory hath the dying sun,
By all the angel hosts adorned—than thine!*

K. C. SPIERS.

The Poetry Review.

ANY SOLDIER SON TO HIS MOTHER

If I am taken from this patchwork life
By some swift outthrust of an unseen arm—
The death that strikes my comrades day and night—
I pray you make of it no cause of tears,
I beg you grieve not for me overmuch.
And for your comfort I would pen this thought:
The joy you had of me in childhood's days
When in your arms I played or cried or prayed
(Those soft warm arms! Can you or I forget?)
Will still remain with you when I am gone.
It is so real now, that memory;
Not death itself can rob you of your child.
The boy I was, the man I grew to be,
Despite the mother's tender hopes and fears,
How distant, how detached and cold they seem.
And so, sweet Mother, here I stand to meet
My fate, this night and any night; but still
Your child, imperishable whilst you breathe;
As in the cradle, so until the end.

N. G. H.

The Spectator.

"THE BELLS O' BANFF"

As I gaed down the water-side
I heard a maiden sing,
All in the lee-lone Sabbath morn,
And the green glen answering,
"No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall clouds of slain deplore,
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more."

Dead men of ancient tumults lay
In dust below her feet;
Their spirits breathed to her but scents
Of mint and the meadow-sweet;
Singing her psalm, her bosom calm
As the dappled sky above,
She thought the world was dedicate
For evermore to love!

O God! my heart was like to break,
Hearing her guileless strain,
For pipes screamed through the Highland hills,
And swords were forth again;
And little did the lassie ken
Banff's battle bells were ringing;
Her lad was in the gear of war
While she was happy singing!

NEIL MUNRO.

Blackwood's Magazine.

BACK TO LONDON: A POEM OF LEAVE

I have not wept when I have seen
My stricken comrades die;
I have not wept when we have made
The place where they should lie;
My heart seemed drowned in tears, but still
No tear came to my eye.

There is a time to weep, saith One,
A season to refrain;
How should it ope, this fount of tears,
While I sat in the train,
So that all blurred the landscape moved
Out with the window pane?

But one short day since I had left
A land upheaved and rent,
Where Spring brings back no bourgeoning,
As Nature's force were spent;
Yet now I traveled in a train
Thro' the kindly land of Kent!

A kindly land, a pleasant land,
As welcome sight to me
As after purgatorial pains
The Plains of Heaven might be,
When the wondrous Goodness that is God
Draws a soul from jeopardy.

A pleasant land, a peaceful land
Of wooded hill and weald,
Where kine stand knee-deep in the grass,
And sheep graze in the field;
A blessed land, where a wounded heart
Might readily be healed.

A wholesome land, where each white road
Leads to a ruddy hearth;
Where still is heard the sound of song
And the kindly note of mirth;
Where the strong man cheerful wakes to toil
And the dead sleep sound i' the earth.

I have not wept when I have seen
My chosen comrades die;
I have not wept while we have digged
The grave where they should lie;
But now I lay my head in my hand
Lest my comrades see me cry.

The little children, two by two,
Stand on the five-barred gate,
And wave their hands to waft us home
Like passengers of state;
My heart is very full, so full
It holds no room for hate.

The children climb the five-barred gate
And blow us kisses five,
The little cripple in his car
Waves from the carriage drive:
Blessed are the dead, but blessed e'en more
We soldiers still alive!

Lo! we draw near to London town,
The troop train jolts and drags,
The friendly poor come forth once more
To greet us in their rags—
The very linen on the line
Flutters and flaunts like flags!

The girls within the factory grim
Smile at the broken pane;
The seamstress in her lonely room
Sighs o'er her task again;
The servant shakes her duster forth
To signal our speeding train;

The station names go flitting past
Like old familiar friends;
The smoke cloud with the clouds aloft
In wondrous fashion blends,
And, lo! we enter London town,
To where all journeying ends.

I have not wept when I have seen
A hundred comrades die;
I have not wept when that we shaped
The house where they must lie—
But now I hide my head in my hand
Lest my comrades see me cry.

These are the scenes, these the dear souls,
'Mid which our lot was cast,
To this loved land, if Fate be kind,
We shall return at last,
For this our stern steel line we hold—
Lord, may we hold it fast!

SERGEANT JOSEPH LEE.

The Spectator.

A LOST LAND

(To Germany)

A childhood land of mountain ways,
 Where earthly gnomes and forest fays,
 Kind foolish giants, gentle bears,
 Sport with the peasant as he fares
 Affrighted through the forest glades,
 And lead sweet wistful little maids
 Lost in the woods, forlorn, alone,
 To princely lovers and a throne.

* * * * * *

Dear haunted land of gorge and glen,
 Ah me! the dreams, the dreams of men!

A learned land of wise old books
 And men with meditative looks,
 Who move in quaint red-gabled towns
 And sit in gravely-folded gowns,
 Divining in deep-laden speech
 The world's supreme arcana—each
 A homely god to listening Youth
 Eager to tear the veil of Truth;

* * * * * *

Mild votaries of book and pen
 Alas, the dreams, the dreams of men!

A music land, whose life is wrought
 In movements of melodious thought;
 In symphony, great wave on wave—
 Or fugue, elusive, swift, and grave;
 A singing land, whose lyric rhymes
 Float on the air like village chimes:
 Music and Verse—the deepest part
 Of a whole nation's thinking heart!

* * * * * *

Oh, land of Now, oh, land of Then!
Dear God! the dreams, the dreams of men!

Slave nation in a land of hate,
Where are the things that made you great?
Child-hearted once—oh, deep defiled,
Dare you look now upon a child?
Your lore—a hideous mask wherein
Self-worship hides its monstrous sin:
Music and verse, divinely wed—
How can these live where love is dead?

* * * * *

Oh, depths beneath sweet human ken,
God help the dreams, the dreams of men!

Punch.

SMALL CRAFT

When Drake sailed out from Devon to break King
Philip's pride,
He had great ships at his bidding and little ones beside;
Revenge was there, and *Lion*, and others known to fame,
And likewise he had small craft, which hadn't any name.

Small craft—small craft, to harry and to flout 'em!
Small craft—small craft, you cannot do without 'em!
Their deeds are unrecorded, their names are never seen,
But we know that there were small craft, because there
must have been.

When Nelson was blockading for three long years and
more,
With many a bluff first-rater and oaken seventy-four,
To share the fun and fighting, the good chance and the
bad,
Oh, he had also small craft, because he must have had.

Upon the skirts of battle, from Sluys to Trafalgar,
We know that there were small craft, because there
always are;
Yacht, sweeper, sloop, and drifter, to-day as yesterday,
The big ships fight the battles, but the small craft clear
the way.

They scout before the squadrons when mighty fleets
engage;
They glean War's dreadful harvest when the fight has
ceased to rage;
Too great they count no hazard, no task beyond their
power,
And merchantmen bless small craft a hundred times an
hour.

In Admirals' dispatches their names are seldom heard;
They justify their being by more than written word;
In battle, toil and tempest and dangers manifold
The doughty deeds of small craft will never all be told.

Scant ease and scantier leisure—they take no heed of
these,
For men lie hard in small craft when storm is on the seas;
A long watch and a weary, from dawn to set of sun—
The men who serve in small craft, their work is never
done.

And if, as chance may have it, some bitter day they lie
Out-classed, out-gunned, out-numbered, with naught to
do but die,
When the last gun's out of action, good-bye to ship and
crew,
But men die hard in small craft, as they will always do.

Oh, death comes once to each man, and the game it pays
for all,
And duty is but duty in great ship and in small,
And it will not vex their slumbers or make less sweet
their rest,
Though there's never a big black headline for small
craft going west.

Great ships and mighty captains—to these their meed
of praise
For patience, skill and daring, and loud victorious days;
To every man his portion, as is both right and fair,
But oh! forget not small craft, for they have done their
share.

Small craft—small craft, from Scapa Flow to Dover,
Small craft—small craft, all the wide world over,
At risk of war and shipwreck, torpedo, mine and shell,
All honor be to small craft, for oh, they've earned it well!

C. FOX SMITH.

Punch.

PIPES IN ARRAS

(April, 1917)

In the burgh toun of Arras
When gloaming had come on,
Fifty pipers played Retreat
As if they had been one,
And the Grande Place of Arras
Hummed with the Highland drone!

Then to that ravaged burgh,
Champed into dust and sand,
Came with the pipers' playing,
Out of their own loved land,
Sea-sounds that moan for sorrow
On a dispeopled strand.

There are in France no voices
To speak of simple things,
And tell how winds will whistle
Through palaces of kings;
Now came the truth to Arras
In the chanter's warblings:

"O build in pride your towers,
But think not they will last;
The tall tower and the shealing
Alike must meet the blast,
And the world is strewn with shingle
From dwellings of the past."

But to the Grande Place, Arras,
Came, too, the hum of bees,
That suck the sea-pink's sweetness
From isles of the Hebrides,
And in Iona fashion
Homes mid old effigies:

" Our cells the monks demolished
To make their mead of yore,
And still though we be ravished
Each Autumn of our store,
While the sun lasts, and the flower,
Tireless we'll gather more."

Up then and spake with twitt'rings
Out of the chanter reed,
Birds that each Spring to Appin
Over the oceans speed,
And in its ruined castles
Make love again and breed.

" Already see our brothers
Build in the tottering fane.
Though France should be a desert,
While love and Spring remain,
Men will come back to Arras,
And build and weave again."

So played the pipes in Arras
Their Gaelic symphony,
Sweet with old wisdom gathered
In isles of the Highland sea,
And eastward toward Cambrai
Roared the artillery.

NEIL MUNRO.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AN APOCALYPSE

Out of the North,
Twisting and writhing like a dragon snared,
Down to the earth the piercèd monster sank. . . .
And therefore some sweet babes awake this morn
Who else had been beyond their mother's call. . . .
And therefore Gretchen will recall long years
From now, her father, blazing like a torch
Above the shouts of darkened London streets.
And this was War!
Joy won by sorrow, life by answering death;
Courage with cruel hate confederate!
Man loyal to his tribe, but to his race
Apostate! Treasures squander'd in the night!
Glory and shame, despair and hope, the lights
Of heaven and hell met in that burning point:
I saw in that Apocalypse the face
Of War unveiled a moment
As men will one day see the Face of God.

EDWARD SHILLITO.

The Westminster Gazette.

BEFORE BATTLE

(Spring, 1918)

O great eternal Spirit of Good,
Whom we, Thy children men, adore,
Attend the prayer, in patient Parenthood,
We now in faith outpour.

Now, in this pregnant waiting hour,
Preparing for the fight to be,
We pray Thee aid us with Thy mighty power
To purge Thy world for Thee.

But well we know that Thou wilt aid
(Our prayer but heartens us the more) ;
And now the Spring winds blow that Thou
hast made,
Make firm the fields of war.

Grant that, inspired as by Thy breath,
Like some great gale we, too, be hurled,
A cleansing force, to break and sweep to death
A foul thing from the world.

As warriors rush into the fight
Clasping a comrade's stirrup fast,
So clinging to the chariot of Thy Might,
Shall we prevail at last.

Nay, more: so doth Thy power enfold
Our hearts, we feel that, closer still,
We are the very weapon in Thy hold
To work Thine awful Will.

WAR VERSE

Thy weapon! Vibrant through and through
With Thee! Oh, grant we bring to dust
This devil brood, and build Thy realm anew
With ruthless thrust on thrust;

That, at the last, great Spirit of Good,
'Mid all Thy worlds, this world and we
Grow clean and fit to claim Thy Fatherhood—
Or bid us cease to be!

HABBERTON LULHAM.

The Spectator.

THE VOICES

(Written on leave in a Kentish garden)

Slow breaks the hushed June dawn :
The pearl-soft light
Strikes from the dew-wet lawn
Diamonds bright,
And, out of sight,
Poised in the limpid blue on quivering wings,
A lark pours out his soul to God and sings
Of hope and faith and love and homely things.
Each dew-kissed rose
Lifts to the ardent Sun her velvet lip.
The splendor grows,
And every jeweled tip
Flashes a myriad, golden, mimic suns.
Then—on the stilled air,
Sullen and sinister,
Mutter the Voices—the Guns.

Noon lifts his flaming crown :
Faint in the heat
The blue hills burn, and down
The village street
On laggard feet,
A carter walks beside his sweating team,
Pausing to let them water at the stream.
On the white road the purple shadows dream,
And like a bell
Tolled faint in fairyland, a cuckoo's note
Rings from the dell.
Clad in his emerald coat
Across the dusty road a lizard runs.
Then—through the heat,
With dull menacing beat,
Mutter the Voices—the Guns.

WAR VERSE

Soft falls Night's star-hung veil:
In the warm gloom
The roses sigh and fill
With rich perfume
The lighted room,
With wave on wave of incense like a prayer.
The candles burn straight in the windless air,
And there is sound of laughter, free from care.
Softly the light
Falls upon gleaming silver and thin glass
And damask white.
But—as the moments pass
And the talk dies to silence and hushed tones,
With shuddering breath,
Chanting their song of Death,
Mutter the Voices—the Guns.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AMERICA AT ST. PAUL'S

Destiny knocked at the door—

“O men of the wilderness, speak!
Will you walk on the plain as of yore
Or climb to the peak?”

They replied—“Be the summit our goal,
For the Curse lieth dead at our feet;
Now free, body, spirit and soul,
Men shall see us complete!”

* * * * *

Came Destiny, flaming with wrath—
“Is the Curse, then, so deep in its grave?
The old world has straightened its path,
But you—you enslave.”

Then they rose, hot with anger and shame;
The land was ensanguined and torn;
But out of the anguish and flame
True freedom was born.

* * * * *

Once again came the knock: came the call—
“Lo, the Curse is incarnate at last,
And Freedom must win or must fall!
The die has been cast.

“To her rescue, or yours is the loss,
If you bide here alone on the height,
And take not the fiery cross
And join in the fight!

WAR VERSE

" See, they suffer for what you avow:
See, they die for your watchwords, your
creed!
Come down, lest your records tell how
You failed Freedom in need!"

They gazed from their peak with surprise
At the nations at grips with the foe,
That look of resolve in their eyes
Which was theirs, long ago.

With a throb of the heart for their kin,
With a grasp of the hand for their friend,
They cried: "Let us in, let us in!
We are yours to the end!"

" Here stand we: naught else can we do.
Take us, all that we have, all we are!
We bide by the issue with you,
And this is our war!"

MARGARETTA BYRDE.

The Spectator.

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on :
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar :
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, the Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon
They shall feel earth enwrap in silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

JOHN MCCRAE.

"A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY"

I jogged along the footpath way
And leaned against the stile;
"A merry heart goes all the day,"
Stoutly I sang the old refrain;
My own heart mocked me back again,
"Yet tire you in a mile!"

Well may I tire, that stand alone
And turn a wistful glance
On each remembered tree and stone,
Familiar landmarks of a road
Where once so light of heart I strode
With one who sleeps in France.

Heavily on the stile I lean,
Not as we leaned of yore,
To drink the beauty of the scene,
Glory of green and blue and gold,
Shadow and gleam on wood and wold
That he will see no more.

Then came from somewhere far afield
A song of thrush unseen,
And suddenly there stood revealed
(Oh, heart so merry, song so true!)
A day when we shall walk, we two,
Where other worlds are green.

Punch.

DAWN

The moon had long since sunk behind the mists;
The guns had ceased awhile their weary thunder;
And all war's foulest vapors seemed to rise
In silent protest to the peaceful skies
Gazing in wonder.
Silently, his sheaves on either hand,
Death walked in No-Man's Land.

Grimly he gazed on each, and carefully
Counted his harvest as it ripened there,
Many in tranquil pose, as if they slept;
While Mother Earth o'er each her dew had wept,
Moistening their hair.
And by each side a rusty bayonet lay,
Pointing the way.

Thus he came; and ever and anon
Lingered o'er something precious lying numbly,—
Some sodden shapeless thing, which to the sky
Mutely displayed its mangled agony,—
Pleading humbly.
For this,—which human eyes might shrink to
scan,—
Had been a man.

A drowsy sentry saw him as he passed,
Challenged:—and receiving no reply,
Fired at the darkness;—but the bullet found
Only the mist—whereout there came a sound
Of laughing mockery.
And from the east the morning's icy breath
Whispered of death.

A sudden star-shell leaped toward the sky,
Where high and searchingly its fiery head
Reigned in brief tyranny and with its spell
Froze the black earth—till falteringly it fell
Among the dead,—
On either side a coldly staring eye
Watching it die.

Wearily the sun climbed to his post
To watch the struggling world as on it rolls
Dripping with blood from youth's best vintage
 pressed,
And ceaselessly from out its heaving breast
Breathing souls. . . .
Up out from yonder where the dead repose
A lark arose. . . .

P. S. M.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CALLED BACK

You send them forth to do your work, whatever it might
be,
The work of Mother England beyond the sundering sea ;
And North and South and East and West they bent them
to the yoke,
To toil and play in the English way among the alien folk.
Some passing thought you spared them as they lived their
strenuous days ;
Some scanty dole you sometimes gave of honor or of
praise ;
Some dim idea you had of what they wrought with brain
and hand ;
And mostly you forgot them, O heedless Motherland.

But scorching in the tropic blaze, or shivering in the snow,
From the Andes to the Altai, from the Line to the Arctic
floe,
They felt the touch of the island air, the moist, mist-
laden breeze,
The scented English hedgerows, the whispering English
trees.

So when it struck, the fateful hour, and Britain called
her sons,
To stand to arms and hold the gate against the crashing
guns,
They heard the call across the world ; by rail and ship
they came,
To fight and die for their fathers' flag, and the pride of
the English name.

From bungalow and cutchery, from port and dock they
sped,
From cattle-ranch and station, from mine and engine-
shed ;

From all the Continents they flocked, a mixed and various
crew,
Sized up together on parade, and shared the ration stew;
And Tompkins Sahib of Bangalore met Señor Jones of
Rio,
And both were taught their drill by Sergeant Johnson
from Ohio.

And some will go back on the old trail, when the fighting
time is past,
And do their work, and take their wage, and come to
rest at last.
And some will not go back again, their wandering days
are done,
They'll never feel the Northern wild, nor the bite of the
Southern sun.
They sleep beside the Meuse and Somme, beneath the
Flanders loam;
The exiles of the Motherland who found their way to
Home.

ORELLIUS.

The London Chronicle.

THE GUNS IN SUSSEX

Light green of grass and richer green of bush
Slope upwards to the darkest green of fir;
How still! How deathly still! And yet the hush
Shivers and trembles with some subtle stir,
Some far-off throbbing, like a muffled drum,
Beaten in broken rhythm oversea,
To play the last funereal march of some
Who die to-day that Europe may be free.

The deep-blue heaven, curving from the green,
Spans with its shimmering arch the flowery zone;
In all God's earth there is no gentler scene,
And yet I hear that awesome monotone;
Above the circling midge's piping shrill,
And the long droning of the questing bee,
Above all sultry summer sounds, it still
Mutters its ceaseless menaces to me.

And as I listen all the garden fair
Darkens to plains of misery and death,
And looking past the roses I see there
Those sordid furrows, with the rising breath
Of all things foul and black. My heart is hot
Within me as I view it, and I cry,
"Better the misery of these men's lot
Than all the peace that comes to such as I!"

And strange that in the pauses of the sound
I hear the children's laughter as they roam,
And then their mother calls, and all around
Rise up the gentle murmurs of a home.
But still I gaze afar, and at the sight
My whole soul softens to its heartfelt prayer,
"Spirit of Justice, Thou for whom they fight,
Ah, turn, in mercy, to our lads out there!"

“The froward peoples have deserved Thy wrath,
And on them is the Judgment as of old.
But if they wandered from the hallowed path,
Yet is their retribution manifold.
Behold all Europe writhing on the rack,
The sins of fathers grinding down the sons,
How long, O Lord!” He sends no answer back,
But still I hear the mutter of the guns.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

The Times.

THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREET

There's a woman sobs her heart out,
With her head against the door,
For the man that's called to leave her,
—God have pity on the poor!
 But it's beat, drums, beat,
 While the lads march down the street,
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 Keep your tears until they go.

There's a crowd of little children
That march along and shout,
For it's fine to play at soldiers
Now their fathers are called out.
 So it's beat, drums, beat;
 But who'll find them food to eat?
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 Oh, it's little children know.

There's a mother who stands watching
For the last look of her son,
A worn poor widow woman,
And he her only one.
 But it's beat, drums, beat,
 Though God knows when we shall meet;
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 We must smile and cheer them so.

There's a young girl who stands laughing,
For she thinks a war is grand,
And it's fine to see the lads pass,
And it's fine to hear the band.

WAR VERSE

So it's beat, drums, beat,
To the fall of many feet;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
God go with you where you go.

W. M. LETTS.

The Westminster Gazette.

A CAROL FROM FLANDERS

1914

In Flanders on the Christmas morn.
The trenchèd foemen lay,
The German and the Briton born—
And it was Christmas Day.

The red sun rose on fields accurst,
The gray fog fled away;
But neither cared to fire the first,
For it was Christmas Day.

They called from each to each across
The hideous disarray
(For terrible had been their loss):
“O, this is Christmas Day!”

Their rifles all they set aside,
One impulse to obey;
’Twas just the men on either side,
Just men—and Christmas Day.

They dug the graves for all their dead
And over them did pray;
And Englishman and German said:
“How strange a Christmas Day!”

Between the trenches then they met,
Shook hands, and e’en did play
At games on which their hearts are set
On happy Christmas Day.

Not all the Emperors and Kings,
Financiers, and they
Who rule us could prevent these things—
For it was Christmas Day.

O ye who read this truthful rime
From Flanders, kneel and say :
*God speed the time when every day
Shall be as Christmas Day.*

FREDERICK NIVEN.

The Athenaeum.

A CHANT OF EMPIRE

Home-Dwellers

Gray Mother of mighty nations,
Co-heir with the traveled sun
Whose life is the life of many,
Yet wells from the heart of one,
Give ear to thy children's voices
Now borne to thee swift and strong,
As the note of their exultation
Upsoars on the wings of song!

O spell of the breath of Music
In souls that have ears to hear,
That breaketh all bars asunder
And bringeth the distant near!
For lo! at her wand's uplifting
The North and the South are spanned,
And East is with West united,
And all with the Motherland!

Empire-Builders

Ah! that is the word
We fain had heard
When the wilderness hemmed us in,
As we felled the forest or tilled the fen,
And far from the holy haunts of men
Longed sore for the day to be once again
Made one with our kith and kin.
O heart, now listen!
O lips, be dumb!
The day was coming,
The day has come!

WAR VERSE

Home-Dwellers

And ye that marvel whereof we sing,
Look up and behold a wondrous thing,
How folk upon folk adult and free,
Builders of Britain beyond the sea,
Whose valor and worth
Enzone the earth,
Yet babe-like yearn to their Mother's knee,
With home-felt rapture renown her reign,
And thrill to the tones of her triumph-strain.

All Voices United

Hail fair and majestic Empire,
From ages beyond our ken
The hope and the home of Freedom,
The love and the fear of men!
For one with the seas thy splendor,
And one with the winds thy way,
And the web of thine endless story
Is woven by night and day
Of Ocean's infinite travail,
Criss-crossed with the to and fro
Of a thousand keels returning,
A thousand that outward go;
For a might that is elemental
Hath builded thee there sublime,
And he that would break thy bulwarks
Must carry the walls of Time.

JAMES RHOADES.

The Fortnightly Review.

CHARING CROSS

I went along the river-side to-day,
Under the railway bridge at Charing Cross,
Where many such as you are swept away
And we are left to wonder at your loss.
The station echoes with your ghostly feet;
Your laughing voices cling about each wall;
You entered gaily from the sunlit street
To pass into the sun again and fall.
The train slid out under the April sky
And London's throbbing heart was left behind;
And many more will follow you to die,
Crossing the silent river, there to find
Host upon host, their comrades glorified,
Saluting them upon the other side.

MARIAN ALLEN.

The Poetry Review.

THE WOMAN'S TOLL

O Mother, mourning for the son who keeps
His last dread watch by unfamiliar streams,
Or for that other, gay of heart, who sleeps
Where the great waters guard his secret dreams,
Amid your tears take comfort for a space,
They showed them worthy of their island race.

O Wife, who heard across the wintry sea
Death's trumpet shrill for him who goes no more
Riding at dawn with that brave company
Whose fellowship no morning shall restore,
In its dark heart your bitterest hour shall bring
Scents from the scattered petals of the spring.

O Maid, with wondering eyes untouched of grief,
War's dreadful shadow spares your innocent years,
Yet shall you deem the ways of sunshine brief,
Paying long hence your toll of hidden tears
For love that perished ere the web was spun,
And children that shall never see the sun.

RUTH DUFFIN.

The Nation.

PEACE

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honor could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release
there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

RUPERT BROOKE.

FOR THEE THEY DIED

For thee their pilgrim swords were tried,
Thy flaming word was in their scrips,
They battled, they endured, they died
To make a new Apocalypse.
Master and Maker, God of Right,
The soldier dead are at thy gate,
Who kept the spears of honor bright
And freedom's house inviolate.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

A CROSS IN FLANDERS

In the face of death, they say, he joked—he had no
fear:

His comrades, when they laid him in a Flanders
grave,

Wrote on a rough-hewn cross—a Calvary stood near—
“ Without a fear he gave

“ His life, cheering his men, with laughter on his lips.”
So wrote they, mourning him. Yet was there only
one

Who fully understood his laughter, his gay quips,
One only, she alone—

She who, not so long since, when love was new-con-
fessed,

Herself toyed with light laughter while her eyes
were dim,

And jested, while with reverence despite her jest
She worshipped God and him.

She knew—O Love, O Death!—his soul had been at
grips

With the most solemn things. For *she*, was *she* not
dear?

Yes, he was brave, most brave, with laughter on his lips,
The braver for his fear!

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON.

The Athenaeum.

THE DEAD TO THE LIVING

O you that still have rain and sun,
Kisses of children and of wife,
And the good earth to tread upon,
And the mere sweetness that is life,
Forget not us, who gave all these
For something dearer, and for you!
Think in what cause we crossed the seas!
Remember, he who fails the challenge
Fails us too.

Now in the hour that shows the strong—
The soul no evil powers affray—
Drive straight against embattled Wrong:
Faith knows but one, the hardest, way.
Endure; the end is worth the throe.
Give, give; and dare, and again dare!
On, to that Wrong's great overthrow!
We are with you, of you; we the pain and
Victory share.

LAURENCE BINYON.

The Times.

DEVON MEN

From Bideford to Appledore the meadows lie aglow
With kingcup and buttercup that flout the summer snow;
And crooked-back and silver-head shall mow the grass
to-day,

And lasses turn and toss it till it ripen into hay;
For gone are all the careless youth did reap the land of
yore,

The lithe men and long men,

The brown men and strong men,

The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore they swept the sea of old
With cross-bow and falconet to tap the Spaniard's gold;
They sped away with dauntless Drake to traffic on the
Main,

To trick the drowsy galleon and loot the treasure train;
For fearless were the gallant hands that pulled the sweep-
ing oar,

The strong men, the free men,

The bold men, the seamen,

The men that sailed from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore in craft of subtle gray
Are strong hearts and steady hearts to keep the sea
to-day;

So well may fare the garden where the cider-apples bloom
And Summer weaves her color-threads upon a golden
loom;

For ready are the tawny hands that guard the Devon
shore,

The cool men, the bluff men,

The keen men, the tough men,

The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore!

Punch.

GRAY GAUNTLET

Gray Gauntlet, you of the wristlets wrought
Of home-spun soft and gray,
Do you hear the flashing needles click
Three thousand miles away?
Oh, it's purl and plain,
And a toss of the arm,
For freeing the endless thread:
And mystic whisp'rings with each stitch
Too sacred to e'er be said.

Gray Gauntlet, you of the sword must go,
We of the spindle stay:
And our needles speed that our lads may march
Mail-coated in woolen gray.
Oh, it's slip and bind,
And seam and count,
And turn the heels with care:
No craven fears in the meshes hide
But only a murmured prayer.

ELMINA ATKINSON.

The Bookman.

ALL'S WELL!

Watchman, watchman, what of the night,
What of the night to tell?
There are widows weeping, and babes affright,
And a ceaseless burial bell.
But the hand that holds the gun
Still shakes not;
And the line drops one by one,
Yet breaks not.
Of the blood so nobly poured
There shall surely be reward.
In the name of the Lord,
All's Well!

F. W. BOURDILLON.

HALF A SCORE O' SAILORMEN

Half a score o' sailormen that want to sail once more,
Cruising around the waterside with the *Peter* at the fore,
Half a score o' sailormen the sea'll never drown
(Seven days in open boats a-drifting up and down!),
Out to find another ship and sail from London Town.

Half a score o' sailormen broke and on the rocks,
Linking down Commercial Road, tramping round the
Docks,
Half a score o' sailormen, torpedoed thrice before—
Once was in the Channel chops, once was off the Nore,
Last was in the open sea a hundred mile from shore.

Half a score o' sailormen that want to sail again—
And her cargo's all aboard her, and it's blowing up for
rain!
Half a score o' sailormen that won't come home to tea,
For she's dropping down the river with the Duster flying
free,
Down the London River on the road to the open sea!

C. FOX SMITH.

Punch.

TO ENGLAND

When the agony is done and you are free
To lay aside the sword, when all but those
Who died to save you from your ruthless foes
Come home, what will you be?

Will you be honest with yourself at last,
And look the world full in its ugly face,
Unboastful of your goodness and your grace,
When this ordeal is past?

Will you have judgment, with clear, pain-purged sense,
To weigh things in the balance? Some that seem
Of large significance will kick the beam,
Like coins of false pretense;

Others, in aspect dull, with no display
To tempt ambition, will draw down the scale,
However counterpoised; and not for sale
At any cost are they.

Why do you suffer anguish? Not for forms
Religious or political you care
Now; but for Freedom and your Homes you dare
To brave these storms.

Keep then in sight what war has made you see;
Think no small thoughts again; not faint or far
Shines, like the star of Bethlehem, your star
Of glorious destiny.

FRANCIS COUTTS.

The Outlook.

THE "ORION'S" FIGUREHEAD AT WHITEHALL

All wind and rain, the clouds fled fast across the evening
sky—

Whitehall aglitter like a beach the tide has scarce left
dry;

And there I saw the figurehead which once did grace the
bow

Of the old bold *Orion*,
The fighting old *Orion*,

In the days that are not now.

And I wondered did he dream at all of those great fights
of old,

And ships from out whose oaken sides Trafalgar's
thunder rolled;

There was *Ajax*, *Neptune*, *Temeraire*, *Revenge*, *Levia-*
than,

With the old bold *Orion*,
The fighting old *Orion*,

When *Victory* led the van.

Old ships, their ribs are ashes now; but still the names
they bore.

And still the hearts that manned them live to sail the seas
once more,

To sail and fight, and watch and ward, and strike as stout
a blow

As the old bold *Orion*,
The fighting old *Orion*,

In the wars of long ago.

They watch, the gaunt gray fighting ships, in silence bleak
and stern;

They wait—not yet, not yet has dawned the day for which
they burn!

They're watching, waiting for the word that sets their
thunders free,
Like the old bold *Orion*,
The fighting old *Orion*,
When Nelson sailed the sea.

Oh, waiting is a weary game, but Nelson played it too,
And, be it late or be it soon, such deeds are yet to do
As never your starry namesake saw who walked the mid-
night sky—
Old bold *Orion*,
Fighting old *Orion*,
Of the great old years gone by.

And be the game a waiting game we'll play it with the
best;
Or be the game a watching game we'll watch and never
rest;
But the fighting game it pays for all when the guns begin
to play
(Old, bold *Orion*,
Fighting old *Orion*)
Like the guns of yesterday.
Punch.

IT CANNOT BE

It cannot be that, having seen the day,
We should endure the tyranny of the night;
For if we have not sinned against the light,
Nor made an idol of the sword, as they,
The powers of darkness set in fierce array
Shall not o'ermaster us. The sword shall smite
Its proud idolaters, and all their might
Shall wither, and their glory pass away.

No more shall lawless force be throned as God,
The troubled nations of the earth no more
Shall humbly wait upon a despot's nod,
And when the sacred cause for which they bled
Is surely stablished, we will turn and pour
Libation to the uncomplaining dead.

F. E. MAITLAND.

The London Times.

THE INWARD CLARION

When I behold dear youth sent down to death;
And homely cities barbarously sacked;
Christ's followers here denying what He saith,
Christian in babbled word, heathen in act;
Nations all bloody from fraternal strife;
And beauty powerless as a broken wing;
Then I despair of faith and art and life—
Until I hear this inward clarion ring:
"Rate not too richly peace and happiness,
Sorrow and war have each their lively sap,
Eternal truth unfoiled by temporal stress,
Immortal being unharmed by mortal hap."
Then do I know that nothing can work wrong
To men or man, nor vex them overlong.

WALLACE BERTRAM NICHOLS.

The Poetry Review.

THE LITTLE PEOPLES

The Pharaohs trampled on us in their day,
As slaves we trod the streets of Babylon,
The Roman Eagles found in us their prey,
Yet we remain, and all our lords are gone.

Innumerable as the starry host,
Or sand of the seashore, the Persian came;
We met him undismayed by threat and boast,
And flung him back to ruin and to shame.

Between the brimming sea and level land,
We learned the secret of the strong and free,
Not Philip's might, not Alva's ruthless hand,
Could rob us of our birthright—liberty.

And ye, O few in numbers, great of heart!
In you hath glowed once more the undying flame,
Loss, anguish, death itself, have been your part,
Loss could not daunt you, death nor anguish
tame.

In you the heroic past hath lived again,
Through you the days to come shall fairer be,
Nor one of all your brave have fallen in vain,
O little people of the Northern sea!

B. PAUL NEUMAN.

The Spectator.

IN TIME OF WAR

I dreamed (God pity babes at play)
How I should love past all romance,
And how to him beloved should say,
As heroes' women say, perchance,
When the deep drums awake—
“Go forth: do gloriously for my dear sake.”

But now I render, blind with fear,
No lover made of dreams, but You,
O You—so commonplace, so dear,
So knit with all I am or do!
Now, braver thought I lack:
Only God bring you back—God bring you
back!

LESBIA THANET.

The Bookman.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(Seen from the Train)

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

W. M. LETTS.

The Westminster Gazette.

BEFORE MARCHING, AND AFTER

(In Memoriam: F. W. G.)

Orion swung southward aslant
Where the starved Egdon pine-trees had thinned,
The Pleiads aloft seemed to pant
With the heather that twitched in the wind;
But he looked on indifferent to sights such as these,
Unswayed by love, friendship, home joy or home sorrow,
And wondered to what he would march on the morrow.

The crazed household clock with its whirr
Rang midnight within as he stood,
He heard the low sighing of her
Who had striven from his birth for his good;
But he still only asked the spring starlight, the breeze,
What great thing or small thing his history would borrow
From that Game with Death he would play on the morrow.

When the heath wore the robe of late summer,
And the fuchsia-bells, hot in the sun,
Hung red by the door, a quick comer
Brought tidings that marching was done
For him who had joined in that game overseas
Where Death stood to win; though his memory would
borrow
A brightness therefrom not to die on the morrow.

THOMAS HARDY.

*September, 1915.**The Fortnightly Review.*

NON-COMBATANTS

Never of us be said
That we reluctant stood
As sullen children, and refused to dance
To the keen pipe that sounds across the fields of
France.

Though shrill the note and wild,
Though hard the steps and slow,
The dancing floor defiled,
The measure full of woe,
And dread
The solemn figure that the dancers tread,
We faltered not. Of us, this word shall not be
said.

Never of us be said
We had no war to wage,
Because our womanhood,
Because the weight of age,
Held us in servitude.
None sees us fight,
Yet we in the long night
Battle to give release
To all whom we must send to seek and die for
peace.

When they have gone, we in a twilit place
Meet Terror face to face,
And strive
With him, that we may save our fortitude alive.
Theirs be the hard, but ours the lonely bed.
Nought were we spared—of us, this word shall not
be said.

Never of us be said
We failed to give God-speed to our adventurous
dead.

Not in self-pitying mood
We saw them go,
When they set forth on those spread wings of pain :
So glad, so young,
As birds whose fairest lays are yet unsung
Dart to the height
And thence pour down their passion of delight,
Their passing into melody was turned.
So were our hearts uplifted from the low,
Our griefs to rapture burned ;
And, mounting with the music of that throng,
Cutting a path athwart infinity,
Our puzzled eyes
Achieved the healing skies
To find again
Each wingèd spirit as a speck of song
Embosomed in Thy deep eternity.
Though from our homely fields that feathered joy
 has fled
We murmur not. Of us, this word shall not be
 said.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

The Westminster Gazette.

IN THE MORNING

Back from battle, torn and rent,
Listing bridge and stanchions bent
 By the angry sea.
By Thy guiding mercy sent,
Fruitful was the road we went—
 Back from battle we.

If Thou hadst not been, O Lord, behind our feeble arm,
If Thy hand had not been there to slam the lyddite home,
When against us men arose and sought to work us harm,
We had gone to death, O Lord, in spouting rings of foam.

Heaving sea and cloudy sky
Saw the battle flashing by,
 As Thy foeman ran.
By Thy grace, that made them fly,
We have seen two hundred die
 Since the fight began.

If our cause had not been Thine, for Thy eternal Right,
If the foe in place of us had fought for Thee, O Lord!
If Thou hadst not guided us and drawn us there to fight
We never should have closed with them—Thy seas are
 dark and broad.

Through the iron rain they fled,
Bearing home the tale of dead,
 Flying from Thy sword.
After-hatch to fo'c's'le head,
We have turned their decks to red,
 By Thy help, O Lord!

It was not by our feeble sword that they were overthrown,
But Thy right hand that dashed them down, the servants
of the proud ;

It was not arm of ours that saved, but Thine, O Lord,
alone,

When down the line the guns began, and sang Thy praise
aloud.

Sixty miles of running fight,
Finished at the dawning light,
Off the Zuider Zee.

Thou that helped throughout the night
Weary hand and aching sight,
Praise, O Lord, to Thee.

KLAXON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

“LEAVE HER, JOHNNIE!”

A hundred miles from the Longships' light—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And blowing up for a dirty night—
And it's time for us to leave her!

Down by the head and settling fast—
Her name and number's up at last,
And it's time for us to leave her!

It isn't the sea she's sailed so long,
It isn't the wind that's used her wrong,
But it's time for us to leave her!

We's pumped her out with a right good will,
A day and a night, and she's sinking still,
And it's time for us to leave her!

She's smashed above and she's stove below,
And there's nothing to do but roll and go,
For it's time for us to leave her!

A hundred miles from the Longships' light—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And blowing up for a dirty night—
It's time for us to leave her.

C. FOX SMITH.

The London Chronicle.

HOME AT LAST

To an open house in the evening,
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden,
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless,
And all men are at home.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

"Somewhere in France"—we know not where—he lies,
Mid shuddering earth and under anguished skies!
We may not visit him, but this we say:
Though our steps err his shall not miss their way.
From the exhaustion of War's fierce embrace
He, nothing doubting, went to his own place.
To him has come, if not the crown and palm,
The kiss of Peace—a vast, sufficing calm!

So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene,—
He may not, surely, lapse from what has been:
Greater, not less, his wondering mind must be;
Ampler the splendid vision he must see.
'Tis unbelievable he fades away,—
An exhalation at the dawn of day!

Nor dare we deem that he has but returned
Into the Oversoul, to be discerned
Hereafter in the bosom of the rose,
In petal of the lily, or in those
Far jewelled sunset skies that glow and pale,
Or in the rich note of the nightingale.
Nay, though all beauty may recall to mind
What we in his fair life were wont to find,
He shall escape absorption, and shall still
Preserve a faculty to know and will.
Such is my hope, slow climbing to a faith:
(We know not Life, how should we then know Death?)
From our small limits and withholdings free,
Somewhere he dwells and keeps high company;
Yet tainted not with so supreme a bliss
As to forget he knew a world like this.

JOHN HOGBEN.

The Spectator.

NOT WITH VAIN TEARS

Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty highroads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered byway of the air,
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

RUPERT BROOKE.

GODS OF WAR

Fate wafts us from the pygmies' shore:
We swim beneath the epic skies:
A Rome and Carthage war once more,
And wider empires are the prize;
Where the beaked galleys clashed, lo, these
Our iron dragons of the seas!

High o'er the mountains' dizzy steep
The winged chariots take their flight.
The steely creatures of the deep
Cleave the dark waters' ancient night.
Below, above, in wave, in air
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword
Those stars that burst with fiery breath:
More loud the battle cries are poured
Along a hundred leagues of death.
So do they fight. How have ye warred,
Defeated Armies of the Lord?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour;
His victory, whoever fail;
His prophets have not lost their power:
Cæsar and Attila prevail.
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes thine empire, Prince of Peace!
With the fleet circling of the suns
The ancient gods their power increase.
Lo, how Thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon the warring bands
The devil's blessings from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream mid outcasts born
Could overbrow the pride of kings?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
His Dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence that the heart denies,
O Nations. Is not Zeus to-day,
The thunderer from the epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the high noon.
Come in the twilight of the world:
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

A. E.

The Times.

WOMEN TO MEN

God bless you, lads!
All women of the race,
As forth you go,
Wish you with steadfast face
The best they know.

God cheer you, lads!
Out in the bitter nights,
Down the drear days,
Through the red reeking fights
And wasted ways.

God bring you, lads,
Back to the motherland,
True laurels gained,
Glory in either hand,
Honor unstained.

Women of Britain's race,
As forth you go,
Wish you with proud glad face
The best they know :
God bless you, lads!

Punch.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE.

THE NORTH SEA GROUND

Oh, Grimsby is a pleasant town as any man may find,
An' Grimsby wives are thrifty wives, an' Grimsby girls
 are kind,
An' Grimsby lads were never yet the lads to lag behind
 When there's men's work doin' on the North Sea
 ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the high tide's flowin',
An' off the misty waters a cold wind blowin';
Skipper's come aboard, an' it's time that we were goin',
 An' there's fine fish waitin' on the North Sea ground.

Soles in the Silver Pit—an' there we'll let 'em lie;
Cod on the Dogger—oh, we'll fetch 'em by-an'-by;
War on the water—an' it's time to serve an' die,
 For there's wild work doin' on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" they want you at the
 trawlin'
(With your long sea-boots and your tarry old tarpaulin);
All across the bitter seas duty comes a-callin'
 In the Winter's weather off the North Sea ground.

It's well we've learned to laugh at fear—the sea has
 taught us how;
It's well we've shaken hands with death—we'll not be
 strangers now,
With death in every climbin' wave before the trawler's
 bow,
 An' the black spawn swimmin' on the North Sea
 ground.

Good luck to all our fightin' ships that rule the English
sea;

Good luck to our brave merchantmen wherever they
may be;

The sea it is their highway, an' we've got to sweep it free
For the ships passin' over on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the sea wind's crying;

"Time an' time to go where the herrin' gulls are flyin';"

An' down below the stormy seas the dead men lyin',

Oh, the dead lying quiet on the North Sea ground!

Punch.

A. B. V.

I bow my head, O brother, brother, brother,
But may not grudge you that were All to me.
Should any *one* lament when this our mother
Mourns for so many sons on land and sea?
God of the love that makes two lives as one
Give also strength to see that England's will be done.

Let it be done, yea, down to the last tittle,
Up to the fulness of all sacrifice.
Our dead feared this alone—to give too little.
Then shall the living murmur at the price?
The hands withdrawn from ours to grasp the
plough
Would suffer only if the furrow faltered now.

Know, fellow-mourners—be our cross too grievous—
That One who sealed our symbol with His blood
Vouchsafes the vision that shall never leave us:
Those humble crosses in the Flanders mud.
And think there rests all-hallowed in each grave
A life given freely for the world He died to save.

And, far ahead, dim tramping generations,
Who never felt and cannot guess our pain,
—Though history count nothing less than nations,
And fame forget where grass has grown again—
Shall yet remember that the world is free.
It is enough. For this is immortality.

I raise my head, O brother, brother, brother.
The organ sobs for triumph to my heart.
What! who will think that ransomed Earth can smother

Her own great soul of which you are a part!
The requiem music dies as if it *knew*
The inviolate peace where 'tis already well with you.

R. V.

The Spectator.

BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE

(1915)

Oh, down by Millwall Basin as I went the other day,
I met a skipper that I knew, and to him I did say:
“Now what’s the cargo, Captain, that brings you up this way?”

“Oh, I’ve been up and down (said he) and round about
also . . .
From Sydney to the Skagerack, and Kiel to
Callao . . .
With a leaking steam-pipe all the way to Cal-
iforn-i-o . . .

“With pots and pans and ivory fans and every kind of
thing,
Rails and nails and cotton bales and sewer pipes and
string . . .
But now I’m through with cargoes, and I’m here to
serve the King!

“And if it’s sweeping mines (to which my fancy some-
what leans)
Or hanging out with booby-traps for the skulking sub-
marines,
I’m here to do my blooming best and give the beggars
beans!

“A rough job and a tough job is the best job for me,
And what or where I don’t much care, I’ll take what
it may be,
For a tight place is the right place when it’s foul
weather at sea!”

There's not a port he doesn't know from Melbourne to
New York;

He's as hard as a lump of harness beef, and as salt as
pickled pork . . .

And he'll stand by a wreck in a murdering gale and
count it part of his work!

He's the terror of the fo'c's'le when he heals its various
ills

With turpentine and mustard leaves, and poultices and
pills . . .

But he knows the sea like the palm of his hand, as a
shepherd knows the hills.

He'll spin you yarns from dawn to dark—and half of
'em are true!

He swears in a score of languages, and maybe talks in
two!

And . . . he'll lower a boat in a hurricane to save
a drowning crew.

A rough job or a tough job—he's handled two or
three—

And what or where he won't much care, nor ask what
the risk may be . . .

For a tight place is the right place when it's wild
weather at sea!

C. FOX SMITH.

The Spectator.

CHRIST IN FLANDERS

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—
You did not seem to touch us very nearly—
Of course we thought about You now and then;
Especially in any time of trouble—
We knew that You were good in time of trouble—
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
In country lane, in city street, or byway—
You walked among us, and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—
How *did* we miss Your Footprints on our pavements?—
Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember; over here in Flanders—
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England—
But now that we are far away from England—
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
We're glad to think You understand our weakness—
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—

Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—

We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.

If anything could make us glad to bear it—

'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—

Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—

We feel so sure that You will not forget us—

But stay with us until this dream is past.

And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—

Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—

And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

L. W.

The Spectator.

“THEY ALSO SERVE . . .”

Oh, Father! hear us when we plead
For those who fight and those who bleed;
For those who yield their lives that we
May safely rest in liberty.
Remember, Lord, compassionate,
Thy servants who must stand and wait.

They serve Thee too, we know full well;
How hard it is, we cannot tell,
To fold the hands that fain would share
A portion of the awful care.
Have mercy, Lord, compassionate,
On those whom Thou hast bidden “wait.”

And as the fleeting hours fly,
And one by one hope's mornings die,
And they are left there, waiting still
The working of Thine hidden will,
Oh! Saviour, all compassionate,
Keep vigil Thou, with those who wait.

The Bookman.

CHALK AND FLINT

Comes there now a mighty rally
From the weald and from the coast,
Down from cliff and up from valley,
Spirits of an ancient host;
Castle gray and village mellow,
Coastguard's track and shepherd's fold,
Crumbling church and cracked martello
Echo to this chant of old—
Chant of knight and chant of bowman:
Kent and Sussex feared no foeman
In the valiant days of old!

Screaming gull and lark a-singing,
Bubbling brook and booming sea,
Church and cattle bells a-ringing
Swell the ghostly melody;
“Chalk and flint, Sirs, lie beneath ye,
Mingling with our dust below!
Chalk and flint, Sirs, they bequeath ye
This our chant of long ago!”
Chant of knight and chant of bowman,
Chant of squire and chant of yeoman:
Kent and Sussex feared no foeman
In the days of long ago!

Hills that heed not Time or weather,
Sussex down and Kentish lane,
Roads that wind through marsh and heather
Feel the mail-shod feet again;
Chalk and flint their dead are giving—
Spectres grim and spectres bold—
Marching on to cheer the living
With their battle-chant of old—

Chant of knight and chant of bowman,
Chant of squire and chant of yeoman:
Witness Norman! Witness Roman!
Kent and Sussex feared no foeman
In the valiant days of old.

Punch.

THE PITY OF IT

I walked in loamy Wessex lanes afar
From rail-track and from highway, and I heard
In field and farmstead many an ancient word
Of local lineage like "Thu bist," "Er war,"

"Ich woll," "Er sholl," and by-talk similar,
Even as they speak who in this month's moon gird
At England's very loins, thereunto spurred
By gangs whose glory threats and slaughters are.

Then seemed a Heart crying: "Whosoever they be
At root and bottom of this, who flung this flame
Between kin folk kin tongued even as are we,

"Sinister, ugly, lurid, be their fame:
May their familiars grow to shun their name,
And their breed perish everlastingly."

THOMAS HARDY.

The Fortnightly Review.

PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR

Oh! dear fields of my country, hedges and lanes and
meadows,
Hedges where wild rose blossoms, meadows where
daisies grow,
Fields where the green corn shivers, lanes where the
kindly shadows
Hide from unloving eyes the way that the lovers
go . . .
Still through the loud loom's clanging, under the tall mill's
shadow,
Through dirt and noise of cities live old sweet sounds
and sights:
Birds that sing in the copses, flowers that border the
meadows,
Streams that tinkle and sprinkle leaves in the magic
nights.

Here where the high elms circle ancient churchyards and
meadows,
Fields where our fathers toiled, churchyards where
now they sleep,
Lanes where our fathers sought the kind love-sheltering
shadows,
And where each lies with his true love, quiet as dreams
are deep.
Every meadow and tree calls to us now to befriend them,
Fields where our childhood played, fields where our
children play,
Lanes where we walked with those who cry to our hearts
to defend them—
England, my country, speak to each of your sons
to-day!

Trampled and desecrate now are the foreign woodlands
and meadows,
Scarred with the flame of war the lanes where the
Flamand wooed,
Dark is the Flemish land with fiendish implacable
shadows;
Greedy gorgons of guns stand there where the home-
steads stood.
Not for our country alone, our darling, our mistress, our
treasure,
But for the Flemish home-land, loved of her noble sons,
And for the fields of France, our brother's glory and
pleasure—
God give us grace to face the shells and the gas, the
guns!

For oh! if their case were ours, if the green of our Eng-
lish meadows
Were red with our children's blood, what should we
hold back then?
If the light of our English fields were black with the
German shadows,
What would the world be worth to us who are English
men?

Summer is soft and sweet in the downs and the woods
and the meadows,
Love calls soft from the lanes, with grain are the fields
alight . . .
God, give me nobler dreams, transfigure my heart's hid
shadows,
Make me Thy Knight, to fight for the Right in the light
of Thy Might!

E. NESBIT.

The New Witness,

CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES

[*"I have once more to remark upon the devotion to duty, courage, and contempt of danger which has characterized the work of the Chaplains of the Army throughout this campaign."*—SIR JOHN FRENCH *in the Neuve Chapelle Despatch.*]

Ambassador of Christ you go
Up to the very gates of Hell,
Through fog of powder, storm of shell,
To speak your Master's message: "Lo,
The Prince of Peace is with you still,
His peace be with you, His goodwill."

It is not small, your priesthood's price,
To be a man and yet stand by,
To hold your life whilst others die,
To bless, not share the sacrifice,
To watch the strife and take no part—
You with the fire at your heart.

But yours, for our great Captain Christ
To know the sweat of agony,
The darkness of Gethsemane,
In anguish for these souls unpriced.
Vicegerent of God's pity you,
A sword must pierce your own soul through.

In the pale gleam of new-born day
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,
Your altar but a packing-case,
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,
Your sanctuary the rain-drenched sod,
You bring the kneeling soldier God.

As sentinel you guard the gate
'Twixt life and death, and unto death
Speed the brave soul whose failing breath
Shudders not at the grip of Fate,
But answers, gallant to the end,
"Christ is the Word—and I His friend."

Then God go with you, priest of God,
For all is well and shall be well.
What though you tread the roads of Hell,
Your Captain these same ways has trod.
Above the anguish and the loss
Still floats the ensign of His Cross.

W. M. LETTS.

The Spectator.

"LE POILU DE CARCASSONNE"

The *poilus* of France on the Western Front are brave as
brave can be,
Whether they hail from rich Provence or from ruined
Picardie;
It's the self-same heart from the lazy Loire and the busy
banks of Seine,
Undaunted by perpetual mud or cold or gas or pain;
And all are as gay as men know how whose wealth and
friends are gone,
But the gayest of all is a little white dog that came from
Carcassonne.

He was brought as a pup by a *Midi* man to a sector along
the Aisne,
But his man laid the wire one pitch-black night and never
came back again.
The pup stood by with one ear down and the other a
question mark,
And at times he licked his dead friend's face and at times
he tried to bark,
Till the listening sentry heard the sound, and when the
daylight shone
He looked abroad and cried, "*Bon Guieu! C'est le poilu
de Carcassonne!*"

So the dead man's *copains* kept the dog on the strength
of the company,
And whoever went short it was not the pup, though a
greedy pup was he;
They gave him their choicest bits of *singe* and drops of
pinard too;
He was warm and safe when he crept beneath a cloak of
horizon-blue;

They clipped fresh *brisques* in his rough white coat as
the weary months dragged on,
And all the sector knows him now as *le Poilu de Car-*
cassonne.

And in return he keeps their hearts from that haunting
foe, *l'ennui*;
He's their plaything, friend, and sentry too, and a lover
of devilry;
He helps them to hunt out rats or Boches; he burrows
and sniffs for mines,
And he growls when the murderous shrapnel flies scream-
ing above the lines;
His little black nose is a-quiver with glee whenever a
raid is on,
And they say with pride, "*C'est la guerre elle-même,*
notre Poilu de Carcassonne!"

There was none more glad when they went to rest in their
billet, a ruined shack,
But when they returned to the front-line trench he was
just as pleased to be back;
He's the spirit of fun itself, and so when other men feel
blue,
His friends remark, "*Le cafard, quoi? On l'connait*
pas chez nous!"
So when you drink to the valiant French and the glorious
fights they've won
Just raise your glass to a little white dog that came from
Carcassonne.

Punch.

ALL THIS IS ENDED

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colors of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is
ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies all day. And after,
Frost with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wondering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

RUPERT BROOKE.

A GRAVE IN FLANDERS

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.

LORD CREWE.

The Harrovian.

DIES IRAE

Patience: a little more and then the Day
Which hurls us 'gainst the Foe in deadly strife.
We know the price our Fathers had to pay
That bought for us, their sons, a larger life,
And if we give our all we give no more than they.

Through Sacrifice the path of Duty lies;
The Sacrifice we willingly have made
And yielded up our homes and all we prize
To vindicate the right, and undismayed
Fight, whilst aloft the British battle emblem flies.

So let the Day come soon; we will not boast
Nor shriek against the Foe hysteric hate.
In silence we patrol our hallowed coast
Or search the wintry Northern Seas which Fate
Hath given us to hold against the foreign host.

Visions of gardens fair where once we trod,
Whispers of voices now and ever dear
Haunt us too much perchance: we kiss the rod
And murmur, as our Destiny draws near,
This prayer, "Quit ye like men and leave the rest to
God."

B. H. W.

The Spectator,

PORTSMOUTH BELLS

A lazy sea came washing in
 Right through the Harbor mouth,
 Where gray and silent, half asleep,
 The lords of all the oceans keep,
 West, East, and North and South.
 The Summer sun spun cloth of gold
 Upon the twinkling sea,
 And little t.b.d.'s lay close,
 Stern near to stern and nose to nose,
 And slumbered peacefully.
 Oh, bells of Portsmouth Town,
 Oh, bells of Portsmouth Town,
 You rang of peace upon the seas
 Before the leaves turned brown.

A grayish sea goes sweeping in
 Beyond the boom to-day;
 The Harbor is a cold, clear space,
 For far beyond the Solent's race
 The gray-flanked cruisers play.
 For it's oh! the long, long night up North,
 The sullen twilit day,
 Where Portsmouth men cruise up and down,
 And all alone in Portsmouth Town
 Are women left to pray.
 Oh, bells of Portsmouth Town,
 Oh, bells of Portsmouth Town,
 What will ye ring when once again
 The green leaves turn to brown?

Punch.

WE HOPE TO WIN

"We hope to win"? By God's help, "Yes";
Though of the "when" no man may guess,
Since there must yet be weary strain,
Alternate joy, alternate pain,
Till Victory come, at end, to bless!

But there are other wars that press,
Wars bred of fulness and excess,
Which—if we would our place maintain—
We hope to win!

There is the war with selfishness—
A sluggish fiend that doubts distress;
With hearts that fail and lips that feign;
With vice and drink and greed of gain—
These are the wars in which, not less,
We hope to win!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Spectator.

THE NEW MARS

I war against the folly that is War,
The sacrifice that pity hath not stayed,
The Great Delusion men have perished for,
The lie that hath the souls of men betrayed:
I war for justice and for human right,
Against the lawless tyranny of Might.

A monstrous cult has held the world too long:
The worship of a Moloch that hath slain
Remorselessly the young, the brave, the strong,—
Indifferent to the unmeasured pain,
The accumulated horror and despair,
That stricken Earth no longer wills to bear.

My goal is *peace*,—not peace at any price,
While yet ensanguined jaws of Evil yawn
Hungry and pitiless: Nay, peace were vice
Until the cruel dragon-teeth be drawn,
And the wronged victims of Oppression be
Delivered from its hateful rule, and free!

When comes that hour, resentment laid aside,
Into a ploughshare will I beat my sword;
The weaker Nations' strength shall be my pride,
Their gladness my exceeding great reward;
And not in vain shall be the tears now shed,
Nor vain the service of the gallant dead.

* * * * *

I war against the folly that is War,
The futile sacrifice that naught hath stayed,
The Great Delusion men have perished for,
The lie that hath the souls of men betrayed:
For faith I war, humanity, and trust;
For peace on earth—a *lasting* peace, and *just*!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

The Athenaeum.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

Long centuries ago a holy man
Sang out his soul in ecstasy to God;
So sweet the rapture of the music ran
An angel froze it to the hallowed sod.
Love, faith and worship all took form on high,
And Rheims Cathedral towered to the sky.

It stood through all the ages of mischance,
Knew kings and peasants, lords and ladies fair;
It looked upon the sainted Maid of France,
And sinners found a sanctuary there.
So for the sake of His most holy name
The ancient vandals spared it from the flame.

Then came the Germans with the breath of hell,
The walls were melted and the music fled.
For all the beauty that men loved so well
The Demon's discord pierced the air instead,
And what was once a prayer to God's far Throne
Stands now an awful blasphemy in stone.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

The Bookman.

BATTLE

BEFORE ACTION

I sit beside the brazier's glow,
And, drowsing in the heat,
I dream of daffodils that blow,
And lambs that frisk and bleat—

Black lambs that frolic in the snow
Among the daffodils,
In a far orchard that I know
Beneath the Malvern hills.

Next year the daffodils will blow,
And lambs will frisk and bleat:
But I'll not feel the brazier's glow,
Nor any cold or heat.

THE QUESTION

I wonder if the old cow died or not.
Gey bad she was the night I left, and sick.
Dick reckoned she would mend. He knows a lot—
At least he fancies so himself, does Dick.

Dick knows a lot. But maybe I did wrong
To leave the cow to him, and come away.
Over and over like a silly song
These words keep humming in my head all day.

And all I think of, as I face the foe
And take my lucky chance of being shot,
Is this—that if I'm hit, I'll never know
Till Doomsday if the old cow died or not.

WAR VERSE

DEAF

This day last year I heard the curlew calling
By Halypike,
And the clear tinkle of hill-waters falling
Down slack and syke.

But now I cannot hear the shrapnel's screaming,
The screech of shells:
And if again I see the blue lough gleaming
Among the fells,

Unheard of me will be the curlew's calling
By Halypike,
And the clear tinkle of hill-waters falling
Down slack and syke.

THE DANCERS

All day beneath the hurtling shells
Before my burning eyes
Hover the dainty demoiselles—
The peacock dragon-flies.

Unceasingly they dart and glance
Above the stagnant stream—
And I am fighting here in France
As in a senseless dream—

(A dream of shattering black shells
That hurtle overhead,
And dainty dancing demoiselles
Above the dreamless dead.

UNDER FIRE

We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.
I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread
That Hull United would beat Halifax
When Jimmy Stainthorpe played full back instead

Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his head,
And cursed, and took the bet—and dropt back dead.
We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.

THE MESSAGES

“I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me . . .”

Back from the trenches, more dead than alive,
Stone-deaf and dazed, and with a broken knee,
He hobbled slowly, muttering vacantly:

“I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me . . .

“Their friends are waiting, wondering how they
thrive—
Waiting a word in silence patiently . . .
But what they said, or who their friends may be

“I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispering their dying messages to me . . .”

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

The Nation.

THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN CROWN"

I've sailed in 'ookers plenty since first I went to sea,
 An' sail or steam, an' good or bad, was all alike to me;
 There's some 'ave tried to starve me, an' some 'ave tried
 to drown. . . .

But I never met the equal o' the *Eastern Crown*.

'Er funnel's like a chimley, 'er sides is like a tub;
 An' pay is middlin' scanty, an' likewise so is grub;
 She's 'ard to beat for steerin' bad, she's 'ard to beat for
 grime,
 An' rollin' is 'er 'obby—oh, she's rollin' all the time!

Rollin' down to Singapore—rollin' up to Maine—
 Rollin' round to Puget Sound, an' then 'ome again!
 A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between—
 An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

We sailed for Philadelphia, New York, an' Montreal,
 Dischargin' general cargo at our various ports o' call;
 We knocked about a year or so 'tween Callao an' Nome,
 An' then to Portland, Oregon, to load wi' deals for 'ome.

She's met with accidents a few (which is 'er usual
 way);
 She scraped the bowsprit off a barque in San Fran-
 cisco Bay;
 She's shed propeller blades an' plates wherever she 'as
 been . . .
 An' last she's fouled 'er bloomin' screw on a German
 submarine!

Rollin' in the sunshine—rollin' in the rain—
 Rollin' ~~up~~ the Channel—an' we're 'ome again!
 A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between—
 An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

As on the 'igh an' draughty bridge I stood my whee,
one day,
"If we should sight a submarine" (I 'eard the old man
say),
"I'd do as Admirals retired an' other folks 'ave said,
I'd run the old Red Duster up an' ring 'Full speed
ahead!'

"I'd sink before I'd 'eave 'er to or 'aul my colors down:
By gosh, they'll catch a Tartar if they catch the *East-
ern Crown!*
I've thought it out both 'igh an' low, an' this seems best
to me—
Pursoo a zig-zag course" (he says) "an' see what I
shall see!"

Rollin' through the Doldrums—rollin' in the foam—
Rollin' by the Fastnet—an' we're nearly 'ome!
A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between—
An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

'E said it an' 'e meant it, an' 'e acted as 'e said,
When sure enough we sighted one abeam o' Lizard
'Ead;
You should 'ave 'eard the engines grunt—you should
'ave seen 'er roll,
She was beatin' all 'er records as they shovelled on
the coal . . .

They missed 'er by a spittin' length—'er rollin' served
'er well;
But it served 'er better after, as you're goin' to 'ear me
tell;
For she some'ow rolled 'erself atop o' the bloomin'
submarine . . .
An' the oil upon the waters was the last of it we seen.

Rollin' up to London Town (an' down by the bow!)—
Rollin' 'ome to Surrey Docks—ain't we 'eroes now?
A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between—
An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

C. FOX SMITH.

The Spectator.

TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL
KITCHENER*Born June 24th, 1850.**Died on Service June 5th, 1916.*

Soldier of England, you who served her well
And in that service, silent and apart,
Achieved a name that never lost its spell
Over your country's heart;—

Who saw your work accomplished ere at length
Shadows of evening fell, and creeping Time
Had bent your stature or resolved the strength
That kept its manhood prime;—

Great was your life, and great the end you made,
As through the plunging seas that whelmed your head
Your spirit passed, unconquered, unafraid,
To join the gallant dead.

But not by death that spell could pass away
That fixed our gaze upon the far-off goal,
Who, by your magic, stand in arms to-day
A nation one and whole,

Now doubly pledged to bring your vision true
Of darkness vanquished and the dawn set free
In that full triumph which your faith foreknew
But might not live to see.

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.

THE OLD SOLDIER

Lest the young soldiers be strange in heaven,
God bids the old soldier they all adored
Come to Him and wait for them, clean, new-shriven,
A happy doorkeeper in the House of the Lord.

Lest it abash them, the strange new splendor,
Lest they affright them, the new robes clean;
Here's an old face, now, long-tried and tender,
A word and a hand-clasp as they troop in.

"My boys!" He greets them: and heaven is homely,
He their great captain in days gone o'er;
Dear is the friend's face, honest and comely,
Waiting to welcome them by the strange door.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The Cornhill Magazine.

LAUREL AND CYPRESS

I watched him swinging down the street,
The fairest lad in all the line,
His kilt and khaki, braw and neat,
My first-born—mine!

He sleeps beneath the blood-red sod—
A letter from the King to say:
“Fallen in Honor’s Cause.” . . . Thank God!
But ay! But ay!

J. NAPIER MILNE.

The Bookman.

IN LAST YEAR'S CAMP

They stole the gorse's glory, they scared the foals at play,
They yearned for Tipperary on every woodland way;
Their tent peaks pricked the dawning, their bugles shook
the dew,
While the encamped Division became the men we knew.

The tents were struck at twilight, the pipers skirled a cry,
The stars came out in Heaven to bid the lads good-bye,
That night they took the Old Road, the straightest road
that runs,
Deep with the dust of armies, and graven by their guns.

Now tentless lie the moorlands, the glades most lonely are;
But still the russet ponies stand solemnly afar;
And still I think they hearken, and know the sound of
men—
The marching tramp of heroes we shall not see again.

Now leave we to its glory the camp of yesterday,
Vex not its echoes lightly—their souls may come this way,
The lads who cut the bracken when beechen leaves were
red,
And, ere the cuckoo's calling, were England's Deathless
Dead!

MARY ADAIR MACDONALD.

The Spectator.

HELPING

[“ We have, through no wish of our own, become engaged in what Bismarck described as the task of ‘ rolling up the map of Europe ’; and it is a task in which duty requires everybody, civilian as well as soldier, to assist.”]

Half a score of gutter-snipes, passing Downing-street,
Banging martial music out of empty salmon-tins;
Underwriters, claiming special knowledge of the Fleet
And of what will happen when the Naval War begins;
Youngsters narrow in the chest, groggy at the knees;
Never wrought by Nature to march boldly in the ranks;
Laborers with ‘ orny ’ands; scholars with degrees;
Waitresses from bun-shops, and their patrons from the
banks—

*Everybody’s helping: not with boastful clamor,
But with grim desire to “ see this through ”;
In no greed of glory, knowing not of glamour
(Yea, without a “ D.S.O.” in view!),
But the very finest is a little foreign chap
Who’s left his job to help us as we’re rolling up the
map!*

War’s a thing of modern make, run on modern lines
(Kitchener and Bonaparte could never have agreed!)
And they serve the State who’re working down the mines,
Getting up the coal that cotton-mills may need.
Scavengers and statesmen, bishops and boy-scouts
Cannot *all* be in the expeditionary force,
So they’re left to “ carry on,” scorning fears and doubts,
Just as though the world moved in its ordinary course.
*All of them are helping: just as those are serving
Who can only stand aside and wait,
Knowing that impatience makes them undeserving
To escape the menaces of Fate.
But the little foreigner who came without a call
Is helping in a business that isn’t his at all!*

Jean, and Mr. Atkins, Ivan from the East,
Long have learnt to hold them prepared for sudden
 strife,
But their little friend seemed never in the least
Likely to be troubled in his quiet, peaceful life;
Yet he's borne their burden, and defied their foe,
Thinking more of honor than of what he'll have to pay;
Seen his fields down-trodden, his burning roof-tree glow,
Then turned him bravely east again, to bar the blood-
 splashed way.

*All good men are helping: but the aid most knightly
Comes from him who's made most sacrifice,
Heeding not the quarrel—only this, that, rightly,
Pledges can't be broken at a price!
He's shown the world, from Aldershot to Moscow and
Sedan,
That Belgium's little soldier is a great, big-hearted man!*

P. B.

The Westminster Gazette.

SONG OF THE ZEPPELIN

The night-wind is humming,
My engines are thrumming,
Swift as a spark
Through the night and the dark
I am silently speeding;
Hovering grim and gray
Over my human prey,
Sowing the seeds of dearth
Over the stricken earth,
Where nations lie bleeding.

Ship without sails am I,
Bird without wings am I,
Lord of the gales am I,
Terror of Kings am I,—
I am the Zeppelin!

The cities are sleeping,
Their searchlights are sweeping,
Into the skies
I advance, I arise,
Where the distance grows vaster;
See where the sky grows red,
Lit by the bombs I shed—
Stealthy and swift,
I fling them my gift,
Death and disaster!

Mark well the flight of me,
Ships! Have a care of me!
Shrink at the sight of me!
Cities! Beware of me!
I am the Zeppelin!

VIOLET D. CHAPMAN.

The Bookman.

BELGIUM

When I bethink how nations wax and wane,
These like ripe fruit slow-cankered from inside,
These falling swift from overweening pride
That held the gentle heart in high disdain,
This battered to its knees to rise again,
One thing alone above the surging tide
And flux of things seems surely to abide,
The soul that doth invincible remain.
To you, heroic Belgium, beaten down
Because you trusted in a neighbor's word,
Has come the terrible night, but comes the morn.
Wasted with fire and bleeding from the sword,
Proudly you wear self-sacrifice for crown
And find your soul immortally reborn.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

The Times.

FAREWELL

Mother, with unbowed head
Hear thou across the sea
The farewell of the dead,
The dead who died for thee.
Greet them again with tender words and grave,
For, saving thee, themselves they could not save.

To keep the house unharmed
Their fathers built so fair,
Deeming endurance armed
Better than brute despair,
They found the secret of the word that saith,
"Service is sweet, for all true life is death."

So greet thou well thy dead
Across the homeless sea,
And be thou comforted
Because they died for thee.
Far off they served, but now their deed is done
For evermore their life and thine are one.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

WIRELESS

There sits a little demon
Above the Admiralty,
To take the news of seamen
Seafaring on the sea;
So all the folk aboard-ships
Five hundred miles away
Can pitch it to their Lordships
At any time of day.

The cruisers prowl observant;
Their crackling whispers go;
The demon says, "Your servant,"
And lets their Lordships know;
A fog's come down off Flanders?
A something showed off Wick?
The captains and commanders
Can speak their Lordships quick.

The demon sits a-waking;
Look up above Whitehall—
E'en now, mayhap, he's taking
The Greatest Word of all;
From smiling folk aboard-ships
He ticks it off the reel:—
An' may it please your Lordships,
A Fleet's put out o' Kiel!"

Punch

TO ALL OUR DEAD

Between the heart and the lips we stay our words and
remember
The long fight in the sodden fields and the ultimate pledge
they render
Whom we never forget; and afraid lest by chance we
betray and belie them
We call upon you that ride before, who rode lately by
them,
Lest we make you ashamed when you ride with the
valiant of all the earth
In the armies of God.

Lo! we call upon you to stand as sentinel over us,
You from our griefs set free while the shadows still
cover us
From the heart that fails and the heart that hates alike
deliver us,
From the frenzy that stabs at the weak divide and dis-
sever us,
Keeping our faith as you kept the line, holding the
coward's cruel mind,
The final treason, afar.

Death for you is a sorrow endured, a thing passed over
They are facing it still, son and brother and lover;
They keep the line, and we keep our faith, and the soul
of a people lies between us.
From fear of phantoms, from a covetous dream stand
near and screen us.
Watch with us, watch through the days of war;—then,
pass to your place
With the armies of God.

LUCY MASTERMAN.

The Nation.

LITANY IN WAR TIME

Now that the heavens are opened,
Now that the call has come,
Now that Hell's driven legions
Strike the old voices dumb;
Now that Thy hand is upon us,
Now that our trial begins,
Lord God of love as of battles—
Lord, forgive us our sins!

The naked we have not clothed,
The hungry we have not fed,
The women degraded and outcast,
The children crying for bread!
Vanity, sloth and falsehood,
Luxury, greed and fear,
Help, Lord, to cast them behind us,
Now that Thy Word is clear.

Set not our blindness before Thee!
Open our eyes to see—
To see in this darkness the glory
Of Thy great peace to be!
If for our sins we must perish,
Grant us the grace, Most High—
If for our sins we must perish,—
Yet for this cause to die!

High above fears and chances
Our England that is to be!
Peace upon earth, goodwill among men,
Justice and Liberty.
High in the raging storm-wind
The banner of England streams:
England! our city of heart's desire,
The England of our dreams.

Thou wilt not fail that England,
Living or dying, we know.
Lord, we have nothing to fear from mischance,
Nothing to fear from the foe:
Wrapped in their own desolation,
By terror and death bestrid;
Lord, in that hour have mercy on them
Who knew not what they did.

Now that the heavens are opened,
Now that the trump is blown,
Lord, Thou wilt search the nations,
Lord, Thou wilt know Thine own!
High in the raging storm-wind
The banner of England streams:
England! our city of heart's desire,
The England of our dreams!

J. W. A.

The New Witness.

TO A SKYLARK BEHIND OUR TRENCHES

Thou little voice! Thou happy sprite,
How didst thou gain the air and light—
That sing'st so merrily?
How could such little wings
Give thee thy freedom from these dense
And fetid tombs—these burrows whence
We peer like frightened things?
In the free sky
Thou sail'st while here we crawl and creep
And fight and sleep
And die.

How canst thou sing while Nature lies
Bleeding and torn beneath thine eyes,
And the foul breath
Of rank decay hangs like a shroud
Over the fields the shell hath ploughed?
How canst thou sing, so gay and glad,
While all the heavens are filled with death
And all the World is Mad?

Yet sing! For at thy song
The tall trees stand up straight and strong
And stretch their twisted arms.
And smoke ascends from pleasant farms
And the shy flowers their odors give.
Once more the riven pastures smile,
And for a while
We live.

E. DE S.

France, May, 1916.
The Times.

OLD WOMEN

Faint against the twilight, dim against the evening,
Fading into darkness against the lapping sea,
She sailed away from harbor, from safety into danger,
The ship that took him from me—my sailor boy from
me.

He went away to join her, from me that loved and bore
him,
Loved him ere I bore him, that was all the world to me.
“No time for leave, mother, must be back this evening,
Time for our patrol again, across the winter sea.”

Six times over, since he went to join her,
Came he to see me, to run back again.
“Four hours’ leave, mother—still got the steam up,
Going on patrol to-night—the old East lane.

“Seven times lucky, and perhaps we’ll have a battle,
Then I’ll bring a medal back and give it you to keep.”
And his name is in the paper, with close upon a hundred,
Who lie there beside him, many fathom deep.

And beside him in the paper, somebody is writing,
—God! but how I hate him—a liar and a fool,—
“Where is the British Navy—is it staying in the harbors?
Has the Nelson spirit in the fleet begun to cool?”

KLAXON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS

They have builded magnificent bridges
Where the nation's highways go;
O'er perilous mountain ridges,
And where great rivers flow.
Wherever a link was needed between the new and the
known
They have left their marks of Progress, in iron and steel
and stone.

There was never a land too distant,
Nor ever a way too wide,
But some man's mind, insistent,
Reached out to the other side.
They cleared the way, these heroes, for the march of
future years:
The march was Civilization—and they were its Pioneers.

Now through a nation's sinning
They are building a bridge so wide
That those at the work's beginning
Scarce dreamed of the other side,
They spared no thought for a future with the need for
"now" so plain;
They sowed for others' reaping—they have died for
others' gain.

And what has gone to the making?
Courage and sacrifice,
And a thirst that knows no slaking
For the Right at any price;
Comradeship caring nothing for riches or rank or birth,
For builders like these build only with things of eternal
worth.

Be comforted, wives and mothers!
Your men, in their splendid youth,
With a thousand thousand others,
Have opened the way for Truth,
They are building into a future where terror and strife
shall cease;
And the span of the bridge is Honor, and the goal that
it leads to—Peace.

EVELYN SIMMS.

The Bookman.

MATER DOLOROSA

What have I given thee,
England, beloved of me?
I have no gold for thy desolate,
I have no spear to guard thy gate,
My hands are weak on the harp of fate
In the hour of threnody.

Yet I have given, I ;
And, England, my gifts lie
Far from thee and thy sacred strand.
I have given the hand that held my hand,
The feet that once on my palm could stand,
The hopes I was nourished by.

All that I had, I give,
The life that I bade live,
The heart that my heart made to beat,
The lips erstwhile on my lips so sweet—
These have I given; is it not meet
To have striven that thou mayst strive?

The clay of France doth shrine
This only gift of mine;
England, be it not made in vain,
Be but thy glory great as our pain.
We are glad to have given—would give again
The light of our days for thine!

The British Review.

LIFE'S FAVORITE

Life she loved him—she seemed the slave,
 Slave of his lightest and least desire;
 And so to his glorious youth she gave
 Glory that youths admire.

Gifts she gave him of strength and skill,
 Gave him lordship of teams and crews,
 With the Love of the Game and, better still,
 Of playing it, win or lose.

An Eton spell and an Oxford spell,
 Pride of tradition and lore of shop,
 Worship of friends who spake him well,
 With the run of the *Club* and *Pop*.

All good pleasures would come his way,
 All good men give him nod for nod;
 His laugh and his greeting haunt to-day
 Staircase E in the Quad.

* * * * *

Then why did her favors end so soon?
 Did she forsake, betray, forget,
 When she sent him with his platoon
 Over the parapet?

Was it because he showed her praise
 In his glowing self, that the fear would strike
 Of faded charms in the pleasureless days,
 And torture her, lover-like?

Or was she moved by a greater thought,
 And dealt with him still as friend with friend,
 In bringing the wonderful work she had wrought
 To its only possible end?

ALFRED COCHRANE.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE CASUALTY LIST

Here in happy England the fields are steeped in quiet,
Saving for larks' song and drone of bumble bees;
The deep lanes are decked with roses all a-riot,
With bryony and vetch and ferny tapestries.
O here a maid would linger to hear the blackbird's fluting,
And here a lad might pause by wind-berippled wheat,
The lovers in the bat's-light would hear the brown owl's
hooting
Before the latticed lights of home recalled their lagging
feet.

But over there in France the grass is torn and trodden,
Our pastures grow moon daisies, but *theirs* are strewn
with lead.
The fertile, kindly fields are harassed and blood-sodden,
The sheaves they bear for harvesting will be our
garnered dead.
But here the lads of England, in peril of advancing,
Have laid their splendid lives down, ungrudging of the
cost;
The record—just their names here—means a moment's
careless glancing,
But who can tell the promise, the fulfilment of our lost?

Here in happy England, the Summer pours her treasure
Of grasses, of flowers before our heedless feet.
The swallow-haunted streams meander at their pleasure
Through loosestrife and rushes and plumey meadow-
sweet.
Yet how shall we forget them, the young men, the
splendid,
Who left this golden heritage, who put the Summer by,
Who kept for us our England inviolate, defended,
But by their passing made for us December of July?

W. L.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE TEST OF BATTLE

We are not good at shouting in the street,
At waving flags or tossing caps in air;
We take our triumphs as we take defeat
With scarce a hint of having turned a hair;
And so our pride to-day
Declines to boom itself the German way.

Yet we are proud because at last, at last
We look upon the dawn of our desire;
Because the weary waiting-time is passed
And we have tried our temper in the fire;
And, proving word by deed,
Have kept the faith we pledged to France at need.

But most because, from mine and desk and mart,
Springing to face a task undreamed before
Our men, inspired to play their prentice part,
Like soldiers lessoned in the school of war,
True to their breed and name
Went flawless through the fierce baptismal flame.

And he who brought these armies into life,
And on them set the impress of his will—
Could he be moved by sound of mortal strife
There where he lies, their Captain, cold and still
Under the shrouding tide,
How would his great heart stir and glow with pride!

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.

WAR RISKS

"Let go aft" . . . and out she slides,
 Pitching when she meets the tides. . . .
 She for whom our cruisers keep
 Lordly vigil in the deep. . . .
 Sink or swim, lads, war or no,
 Let the poor old hooker go!

Soon, hull down, will England's shore,
 Smudged and faint, be seen no more:
 Soon the following gulls return
 Where the friendly docklights burn. . . .
 Soon the cold stars, climbing high,
 March across the empty sky. . . .
 Empty seas beyond her bow
 (Lord, she's on her lonesome now!)

When the white fog, stooping low,
 Folds in darkness friend and foe
 When the fast great liners creep
 Veiled and silent through the deep
 When the hostile searchlight's eye
 Sweeps across the midnight sky
 Lord of light and darkness, then
 Stretch Thy wing o'er merchantmen!

When the waters known of old
 Death in dreadful shape may hold
 When the mine's black treachery
 Secret walks the insulted sea
 (Lest the people wait in vain
 For their cattle and their grain),
 Since Thy name is mercy, then,
 Lord, be kind to merchantmen!

C. FOX SMITH.

The Westminster Gazette.

TO GREAT BRITAIN

Britain! you with a heart of flame
One as in days gone by.
You who honor your Nelson's name,
How could you hear the word of shame
Nor rise and give it the lie!

Better endure war's worst of ills,
The woe of a hundred fights,
Than cower behind your banks and tills
And smug with your money, your mines, your
mills,
Forswear a neighbor's rights.

For how could you hope for a wide world's trust
If, traitor by land and sea,
You had let French lilies lie in the dust,
Nor challenged for peace the war-lord's lust
And struck for a Europe free?

Fight and in hope, for battle is banned,
The world shall yet rejoice,
For the peoples rise in wrath to demand,
Henceforth no war shall trouble the land
Except at a people's voice.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

The English Review.

MY SON

Here is his little cambric frock
That I laid by in lavender so sweet,
And here his tiny shoe and sock,
I made with loving care for his dear feet.

I fold the frock across my breast,
And in imagination, ah, my sweet,
Once more I hush my babe to rest,
And once again I warm those little feet.

Where do those strong young feet now stand?
In flooded trench, half numb to cold or pain,
Or marching through the desert sand
To some dread place that they may never gain.

God guide him and his men to-day,
Though death may lurk in any tree or hill,
His brave young spirit is their stay,
Trusting in that they'll follow where he will.

They love him for his tender heart,
When poverty or sorrow asks his aid,
But he must see each do his part—
Of cowardice alone he is afraid.

I ask no honors on the field,
That other men have won as brave as he,
I only pray that God may shield
My son, and bring him safely back to me.

ADA TYRRELL.

The Saturday Review.

GOLD STRIPES

A Canadian Mother Speaks

My Bert 'as just come 'ome again; 'e walks a little lame,
But thank the Lord 'e's got 'is eyes, 'is face is just the
same;
I'm that glad the shrapnel miss'd it, I could look at 'im all
day,
Though I'd love 'im just as dearly if the 'alf was shot
away.
'E ain't so reg'lar 'andsome, and 'e ain't so ugly too,
But just an average looker, the same as me and you.
And there's not a prouder woman in Alberta, I believe,
When I go out walkin' with 'im, with the gold stripes on
'is sleeve.

There's one 'e says 'e got by bein' just a bloomin' fool;
Fair mad 'e was that day the Boches bombed an infant
school.
There was cover for the takin', but 'e couldn't stop to
take it;
Through blood and tears 'e saw their line, and knew 'e
'ad to break it.
The other times, 'e says, 'twas just 'is duty that 'e done,
And, once, I know, the oficers they thank'd 'im one by
one.
So every day I thank the Lord for what we do receive,
When I walk with Bert in khaki, with the gold stripes on
'is sleeve.

FLORENCE A. VICARS.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE HEART-CRY

She turned the page of wounds and death
With trembling fingers. In a breath
The gladness of her life became
Naught but a memory and a name.

*Farewell! Farewell! I might not share
The perils it was yours to dare.
Dauntless you fronted death: for me
Rests to face life as fearlessly.*

F. W. BOURDILLON.

NO MAN'S LAND

No Man's Land is an eerie sight
At early dawn in the pale gray light.
Never a house and never a hedge
In No Man's Land from edge to edge,
And never a living soul walks there
To taste the fresh of the morning air.
Only some lumps of rotting clay,
That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man's Land?
You can see them clearly on either hand,
A mound of rag-bags gray in the sun,
Or a furrow of brown where the earthworks run
From the Eastern hills to the Western sea,
Through field or forest o'er river and lea;
No man may pass them, but aim you well
And Death rides across on the bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight
When patrols crawl over at dead o' night;
Boche or British, Belgian or French,
You dice with death when you cross the trench.
When the "rapid," like fire-flies in the dark,
Flits down the parapet spark by spark,
And you drop for cover to keep your head
With your face on the breast of the four months
dead.

The man who ranges in No Man's Land
Is dogged by the shadows on either hand
When the star-shell's flare, as it bursts o'erhead,
Scares the great gray rats that feed on the dead,

And the bursting bomb or the bayonet-snatch
May answer the click of your safety-catch.
For the lone patrol, with his life in his hand,
Is hunting for blood in No Man's Land.

J. H. KNIGHT-ADKIN,
Capt. Glosters.

The Spectator.

VOLUNTEER

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city gray,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament:
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight into spacious dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

HERBERT ASQUITH.

THE LITTLE OLD ROAD

There's a breath of May in the breeze
On the little old road;
May in hedges and trees,
May, the red and the white,
May to left and to right
Of the little old road.

There's a ribbon of grass either side
Of the little old road;
It's a strip just so wide,
A strip nobody owns,
Where a man's weary bones
When he feels getting old
May lie crushing the gold
Of the silverweed flower
For a long lazy hour
By the little old road.

There's no need to guide the old mare
On the little old road.
She knows that just there
Is the big gravel pit
(How we played in it
As mites of boys
In our old corduroys!)
And that here is the pond
With the poplars beyond,
And more May—always May
Away and away
Down the little old road.

There's a lot to make a man glad
On the little old road
(It's the home-going road),
And a lot to make him sad.

Ah! he'd like to forget,
But he can't, not just yet,
With chaps still out there. . . .
She's stopping, the steady old mare.
Is it here the road bends?
So the long journey ends
At the end of the old road,
The little old road.

There's some one, you say, at the gate
Of the little old house by the road?
Is it Mother? Or Kate?
And they're not going to mind
That, since "Wypers," I'm blind,
And the road is a long dark road?

GERTRUDE VAUGHAN.

The New Witness.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade;
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.
It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land,
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed on silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear—
But I've a rendezvous with Death,
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

ALAN SEEGER.

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THE LIVING LINE

(March, 1918)

As long as faith and freedom last,
And earth goes round the sun,
This stands—The British line held fast
And so the fight was won.

The greatest fight that ever yet
Brought all the world to dearth;
A fight of two great nations set
To battle for the earth.

And one was there with blood aflame
To make the earth his tool;
And one was there in freedom's name
That mercy still should rule.

It was a line, a living line
Of Britain's gallant youth
That fought the Prussian one to nine
And saved the world for ruth.

That bleeding line, that falling fence,
That stubborn ebbing wave,
That string of suffering human sense,
Shuddered, but never gave.

A living line of human flesh,
It quivered like a brain;
Swarm after swarm came on afresh
And crashed, but crashed in vain.

Outnumbered by the mightiest foe
That ever sought to put
The world in chains, they met the blow
And fought him foot by foot.

WAR VERSE

They fought his masses, falling back,
They poured their blood like wine,
And never once the vast attack
Smashed through that living line.

It held, it held, while all the world
Looked on with strangled breath;
It held; again, again it hurl'd
Man's memory to death.

Bleeding and sleepless, dazed and spent,
And bending like a bow,
Backward the lads of Britain went
Their faces to the blow.

And day went by, and night came in,
And when the moon was gone
Murder burst out with fiercer din,
And still the fight went on.

Day after day, night after night,
Outnumbered nine to one,
In agony that none may write
Those young men held the Hun.

And this is their abiding praise
No future shall undo:
Not once in all those staggering days
The avalanche broke thro'.

Retreat, retreat, yea, still retreat,
But fighting one to nine,
Just knowing there was no defeat
If they but held the line.

Ah, never yet did men more true
Or souls more finely wrought
From Cressy down to Waterloo
Fight as these young men fought.

On whose great hearts the fate of all
Mankind was poised that hour
Which saw the Prussian War God fall
And Christ restored to pow'r.

The world shall tell how they stood fast,
And how the fight was won,
As long as faith and freedom last
And earth goes round the sun.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

The London Chronicle.

THE MARCH

I heard a voice that cried, "Make way for those who died!"

And all the colored crowd like ghosts at morning fled;
And down the waiting road, rank after rank there strode,
In mute and measured march a hundred thousand dead.

A hundred thousand dead, with firm and noiseless tread,
All shadowy-gray yet solid, with faces gray and ghast,
And by the house they went, and all their brows were bent
Straight forward; and they passed, and passed, and
passed, and passed.

But O there came a place, and O there came a face,
That clenched my heart to see it, and sudden turned my
way;
And in the face that turned I saw two eyes that burned,
Never-forgotten eyes, and they had things to say.

Like desolate stars they shone one moment, and were
gone,
And I sank down and put my arms across my head,
And felt them moving past, nor looked to see the last,
In steady silent march, our hundred thousand dead.

J. C. SQUIRE.

The New Statesman.

THE BROKEN SOLDIER

The broken soldier sings and whistles day to dark,
He's but the remnant of a man, maimed and half-blind;
But the soul they could not harm goes singing like the lark,
Like the incarnate Joy that will not be confined.

The Lady at the Hall has given him a light task;
He works in the gardens as busy as a bee;
One hand is but a stump and his face a pitted mask;
The gay soul goes singing like a bird set free.

Whistling and singing like a linnet on wings,
The others stop to listen, leaning on the spade;
Whole men and comely, they fret at little things,
The soul of him's singing like a thrush in a glade.

Hither and thither hopping, like Robin on the grass,
The soul in the broken man is beautiful and brave;—
And while he weeds the pansies and the bright hours pass
The bird caught in the cage whistles in joyous stave.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE LONE HAND

She took her tide and she passed the Bar with the first o'
the morning light ;
She dipped her flag to the coast patrol at the coming down
of the night ;
She has left the lights of the friendly shore and the smell
of the English land,
And she's somewhere South o' the Fastnet now—
God help her . . . South o' the Fastnet now,
Playing her own lone hand.

She is ugly and squat as a ship can be, she was new when
the Ark was new,
But she takes her chance and she runs her risk as well as
the best may do ;
And it's little she heeds the lurking death and little she
gets of fame,
Out yonder South o' the Fastnet now—
God help her . . . South o' the Fastnet now,
Playing her own lone game.

She has played it once, she has played it twice, she has
played it times a score ;
Her luck and her pluck are the two trump cards that
have won her the game before ;
And life is the stake where the tin fish run and Death is
the dealer's name,
Out yonder South o' the Fastnet now—
God help her . . . South o' the Fastnet now,
Playing her own lone game.

C. FOX SMITH.

Punch.

THE TOLL-PAYERS

Children, to-day made fatherless,
And mothers, mourning for your sons,—
Oh, not from you in your distress
Is wrung in all its bitterness
The tribute of the guns.

You, who are young will soon forget
This tragic toll upon the road,
In happy years, undreamed of yet,
When you will reap without regret
The seed your fathers sowed.

And mothers, though you hide despair
Deep in your hearts, can you not smile
To show that you, whose sons could dare
So greatly, can unflinching bear
Your burden for a while?

Men, who were young when you were young,
Walk with you in your evening's shade,
And as the dark with stars is hung
For light, you guard, like jewels strung,
Thoughts of the men you made.

Recalling for a little space
Your happy soldiers, not bereft
Of hope that they, in some fair place
Of peace, will welcome face to face
The mothers that they left.

But what remains to us, who knew
No memories they did not share,
The brothers and the boys who grew
Through days and years beside us, who
Were part of all we were?

WAR VERSE

For every light is quenched, that shone
For us, about Love's diadem,
And every hope we dreamed upon,
Our future, and our past, is gone
Into the dark with them.

And gazing on, the tumult clears,
Fades, and is gone,—and Life survives.
Unveiled by any mist of tears
We see the long and empty years
Of our unmenaced lives.

When Time will change us, until we
Shall be as strangers when we go
To greet our own, and though we see
Them look for us, we shall not be
The friends they used to know.

ALISON LINDSAY.

The Cornhill Magazine.

MORITURI TE SALUTANT

In this last hour, before the bugles blare
The summons of the dawn, we turn again
To you, dear country, you whom unaware,
Through summer years of idle selfishness,
We still have loved—who loved us none the less,
Knowing the destined hour would find us men.

O thrill and laughter of the busy town!
O flower-valleys, trees against the skies,
Wild moor and woodland, glade and sweeping down,
O land of our desire! like men asleep
We have let pass the years, nor felt you creep
So close into our heart's dear sanctities.

So, we are dreamers; but our dreams are cast
Henceforward in a more heroic mould;
We have kept faith with our immortal past.
Knights—we have found the lady of our love,
Minstrels—have heard great harmonies, above
The lyrics that enraptured us of old.

The dawn's aglow with luster of the sun . . .
O love, O burning passion, that has made
Our day illustrious till its hours are done—
Fire our dull hearts, that, in our sun's eclipse,
When Death stoops low to kiss us on the lips,
He still may find us singing, unafraid.

One thing we know, that love so greatly spent
Dies not when lovers die: From hand to hand
We pass the torch and perish—well content,
If in dark years to come our countrymen
Feel the divine flame leap in them again,
And so remember us and understand.

P. H. B. L.

The Spectator.

ON PATROL

To —

He went to sea on the long patrol,
Away to the East from the Corton Shoal,
But now he's overdue.
He signaled me as he bore away
A flickering lamp through leaping spray,
And darkness then till judgment day,
"So long! Good luck to you!"

He's waiting out on the long patrol,
Till the names are called at the muster-roll
Of seamen overdue.
Far above him, in wind and rain,
Another is on patrol again—
The gap is closed in the Naval Chain
Where all the links are new.

Over his head the seas are white,
And the wind is blowing a gale to-night,
As if the Storm-King knew,
And roared a ballad of sleet and snow
To the man that lies on the sand below,
A trumpet-song for the winds to blow
To seamen overdue.

Was it sudden or slow—the death that came?
Roaring water or sheets of flame?
The end with none to view?
No man can tell us the way he died,
But over the clouds Valkyries ride
To open the gates and hold them wide
For seamen overdue.

But whether the end was swift or slow,
By the Hand of God, or a German blow,
My messmate overdue—
You went to Death—and the whisper ran
As over the Gates the horns began
Splendor of God! We have found a man!
Good-bye! Good luck to you!

Blackwood's Magazine.

NEW HEAVEN

Paradise now has many a Knight,
Many a lordkin, many lords,
Glimmer of armor, dinted and bright,
The young Knights have put on new swords.

Some have barely the down on the lip,
Smiling yet from the new-won spurs,
Their wounds are rubies, glowing and deep,
Their scars amethyst—glorious scars.

Michael's army hath many new men,
Gravest Knights that may sit in stall,
Kings and Captains, a shining train,
But the little young Knights are dearest of all.

Paradise now is the soldiers' land,
Their own country its shining sod,
Comrades all in a merry band;
And the young Knights' laughter pleaseth God.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The Nation.

FLANDERS 1915

The men go out to Flanders
As to a promised land;
The men come back from Flanders
With eyes that understand.

They've drunk their fill of blood and wrath,
Of sleeplessness and pain,
Yet silently to Flanders
They hasten back again.

In the Low-lands of Flanders
A patient watch they keep;
The living and the dead watch there
Whilst we are sound asleep.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

The Outlook.

HE IS DEAD WHO WILL NOT FIGHT

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Color and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind.

Through joy and blindness, he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

JULIAN GRENFELL.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

JOHN McCRAE.

Punch.

FAREWELL TO ANZAC

Oh! lump your swag and leave, lads, the ships are in
the bay.
We've got our marching orders now, it's time to come
away,
And a long good-bye to Anzac beach, where blood has
flowed in vain,
For we're leaving it, leaving it,—game to fight again!

But some there are will never quit this bleak and bloody
shore,
And some that marched and fought with us will fight and
march no more;
Their blood has bought till judgment day the slopes they
stormed so well,
And we're leaving them, leaving them, sleeping where
they fell!

(Leaving them, leaving them,—the bravest and the best!
Leaving them, leaving them,—and maybe glad to rest!
We did our best with yesterday, to-morrow's still our
own,—
But we're leaving them, leaving them, sleeping all alone!)

Ay, they are gone beyond it all, the praising and the blame,
And many a man may win renown, but none more fair
a fame;
They showed the world Australia's lads knew well the
way to die,
And we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where they
lie!

(Leaving them, leaving them, sleeping where they died!
Leaving them, leaving them, in their glory and their
pride!

Round the sea and barren land, over them the sky,
Oh! we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where they
lie!)

C. FOX SMITH.

The Spectator.

THE AMAZONS

They fill the fields in mighty throng,
Their spirits loosed by anxious sleep;
Their care-worn souls are borne along
Across far lands and stormy deep.

There is no battle hardly won
In which a hero plays a part,
And falls to bullet, sword, or gun,
But bleeds with his a mother's heart.

The shrapnel shell, the bayonet thrust,
Which sends the soldier boy to rest,
And lays high hopes low in the dust,
Deep wounds some watching woman's breast.

No battle pride nor glorious stir,
No wild red charge her will upkeeps,
But tears and care, and pangs for her;
She prays and suffers, longs and weeps.

She gets no honors or reward,
Such gauds are issued to her boy;
But in her love she can afford
Him, comrade of her fights, the Joy.

RICHARD A. CROUCH.

Gallipoli, November 25, 1915.
The Saturday Review.

“WHEN THERE IS PEACE”

“When there is Peace, this land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore.”

Thus do the facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be Heaven, will it be Hell,
When there is Peace?

This let us pray for—this implore—
That, all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in nobler aims excel,
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, worthier than before,
When there is Peace!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Spectator.

THE MARTYRED NATION

Out of the deafening boom and crash, out of the stifling
reek

Above the shouting of valiant men and the heart-drawn
moans of the weak,

Over the press of a conquering host and over the battle-
cries,

Hear ye the voice of Belgium floating toward the skies:
"What was the charge against me? What had I
done amiss

That the dastardly Hun should visit me with a penalty
great as this?

Blasting me off creation! Stripping my flesh and bone!
I had no lot in his quarrel, I did but defend mine own."

Over the thundering cannon's roar, over the trumpet's
blare,

Over the smash of falling stone and the lurid, leaping
glare,

Over the pant of madden'd men and the scream of hurt-
ling shell,

Hear ye the voice of England, clear as a twilight bell:

"Oh! lion-hearted nation, bravest of all the braves,
For your splendid sake my stalwart sons are speeding
across the waves;

So set your teeth in your travail, Fleming and bold
Walloon;

I will place you back in your olden state, I will see you
righted soon."

Over the earth's wide surface in every human heart
There's a throb for the stricken nation that so gallantly
played her part,

That suffered hell's keenest torture, yet fell with her
flag unfurl'd.

But hark to that rising murmur, the voice of the outer
world:

"Death to the fell destroyer! Down with the lustful
Hun!

England, mother of pity, see that the work is done.
See that this martyred nation lives through the night
of pain

To rise, avenged, in the morning and come to her own
again."

W. H. GADSDON.

The Academy.

ON PATROL—1797

Our brothers of the landward side
Are bound by Church and stall,
By Councils Œcumenical,
By Gothic arches tall,
But we who know the cold gray sea,
The salt and flying spray,
We praise the Lord in our fathers' way,
In the simple faith of the sea we pray
To the God that the winds and waves obey,
Who sailed on Galilee.

We pray as the Flag-Lieutenant prayed
At St. Vincent's cabin door
(Twenty sail of the line in view—
Southwest by south they bore),
"Oh, Lord of Hosts—I praise Thee now,
And bow before Thy might—
Who has given us fingers and hands to fight,
And twenty ships of the line in sight—
Thou knewest, oh, Lord—and placed them right—
To leeward on the bow."

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE OPEN BOAT

- "When this here War is done," says Dan, "and all the
fightin's through
There's some'll pal with Fritz again as they was used
to do;
But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*," says
he;
"Lord knows it's nippy in an open boat on winter nights
at sea.
- "When the last battle's lost an' won, an' won or lost the
game,
There's some'll think no 'arm to drink with squareheads
just the same;
But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "an' if you ask
me why—
Lord knows it's thirsty in an open boat when the water-
breaker's dry.
- "When all the bloomin' mines is swep' an' ships are sunk
no more,
There's some'll set them down to eat with Germans
as before;
But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*, for
one—
Lord knows it's hungry in an open boat when the last
biscuit's done.
- "When peace is signed and treaties made an' trade be-
gins again
There's some'll shake a German's 'and an' never see
the stain;
But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*, as
God's on high—
Lord knows it's bitter in an open boat to see your ship-
mates die."

C. FOX SMITH.

Punch.

LONDON TROOPS

While they endure the moaning fray, the fret, the pain,
the sight of it,
They build across the flaming field the ways of London
Town,
The little streets, the broad white roads, the bustle and
the light of it,
The winding whispering river, and the parks in green
and brown!
Above the reeking Somme they see St. Paul's with smokes
that cover it,
Gray wreaths of smoke, and flakes of sun, and brown
birds on the wing,
And by Péronne the Thames is set with barges moving
over it,
And Chelsea bridges shoot away through mists where
bullets sing!

Brave London troops! They give their flesh, their hands,
their eyes, the all of them,
They face the furious bayonet, the cannon's deep-
mouthed boom,
And oh! it is for London's sake that they have stretched
the wall of them
Between the raging foemen and the town of gleam and
gloom!
She is their love, their recompense, a lodestar for the
hosts of them,
They sing of her when they go down to win their bitter
scars,
And if they fall—her guardians still shall be the sentry-
ghosts of them,
Lined, cold and silent, round her walls beneath the
marshaled stars!

The London Chronicle.

•

"V.A.D."

We in the busy ward
 Stay not to dream; for God has closed our eyes
 Lest, fronted by your giant sacrifice,
 O brothers maimed and pale,
 The hearts that seek to serve you, faint and fail!

We, handmaids of your pain, pass onward
 And speak not of your glory; God has hung
 His silence on our lips, lest praises sung
 Scare your mirth-makings,
 And break your happy talk of trivial things.

This be our sacrifice,
 You who have given all for one great Dream!
 Steadfast enduring at the sober task
 Of days and nights that seem
 Gray-winged and glamourless—we will not ask
 For flashing visions of an earlier day;
 And—if it serve you, brothers—dreamless be our
 way!

Hither have brought us
 Those years wherein we chased the flying moon,
 Sought the blue roses, sailed the seas of June—
 Into this quiet shade
 Where Vision sleeps, and Youth to rest is laid.
 Through song and laughter, through the woods of
 Spring
 (Our youth had taught us)
 We came with dancing step and lute playing
 Most tender-sweet,
 Only for this—to kneel and wash your feet.

* * * * * *

O Sacrament unguessed beside the lowly bed !
Not you, not you alone
Wait on our care. Perchance there waiteth One
(And yet we cannot see)
Who for our sake hath walked among the dead ;
Whose Feet His daughters wash, as once in Bethany.
Yet, if He will,
His Hand be on our eyes, that we go sightless still.

MARY ADAIR MACDONALD.

The Spectator.

THE FAITHFUL COMRADE

Where stark and shattered walls
Mourn desolate to the sky
He buildeth me a home,
And well doth fortify.

The sweeping scythes play near
And shrill about my head:
I look into His eyes
That smile away my dread.

And when with faltering feet
I thread the perilous trench,
His print the clay before
And shame me if I blench.

If nerve and spirit yield
Before the grim demands,
New power is in the touch
Of His transfigured hands.

The thousand barbarous tongues
Of war may round me brawl;
His love within my heart
Sings louder than them all.

O edgeless armament!
O empty jeopardy!
While He, my Comrade, walks
The stricken fields with me.

P. J. FISHER.

The Saturday Review.

"HEY! JOCK, ARE YE GLAD YE LISTED?"

Drums:

Hey! Jock, are ye glad ye listed?
 O Jock, but ye're far frae hame!
 What d'ye think o' the fields o' Flanders?
 Jockey lad, are ye glad ye came?
 Wet rigs we wrought in the land o' Lennox,
 When Hielan hills were smeared wi' snaw;
 Deer we chased through the seepin' heather,
 But the glaur o' Flanders dings them a'!

*Blyth, blyth, and merry was she,
 Blyth was she but and ben;
 And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.*

This is no' the Fair o' Balloch,
 Sunday claes and a penny reel;
 It's no' for dancin' at a bridal
 Willie Lawrie's bagpipes squeal.
 Men are to kill in the morn's mornin',
 Here ye're back to your daddies' trade;
 Naething for't but to cock your bonnet,
 Buckle on graith and kiss the maid.

The Cornal's yonder deid in tartan,
 Sinclair's sheuched in Neuve Eglise,
 Slipped awa' wi' the sodger's fever,
 Kinder than ony auld man's disease.
 Scotland! Scotland! little we're due ye,
 Poor employ and a skim-milk board,
 But youth's a cream that maun be paid for,
 We got it reamin', so draw the sword!

Come awa', Jock, and cock your bonnet!
Swing your kilt as best ye can;
Auld Dumbarton's Drums are dirlin',
Come awa', Jock, and kill your man!
Far, far's the cry to Leven Water
Where your fore-folks went to war—
They would swap wi' us to-morrow
Even in the Flanders glaur!

*Blyth, blyth, and merry was she,
Blyth was she but and ben;
And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.*

NEIL MUNRO.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HE PRAYED

He prayed,
There where he lay,
Blood-sodden and unkempt,
As never in his young gay carelessness he'd dreamt
That he could pray.

He prayed;
Not that the pain should cease,
Nor yet for water in the parching heat,
Nor for death's quick release,
Nor even for the tardy feet
Of stretcher-bearers bringing aid.

He prayed;
Cast helpless on the bloody sod:
"Don't trouble now, O God, for me,
But keep the boys. Go forward with them, God!
O give our Highlanders the victory."
The kilts flashed on: "Well played," he sighed,
"Well played."
Just so he prayed.

W. M. LETTS.

The Westminster Gazette.

GERMAN PRISONERS

When first I saw you in the curious street,
Like some platoon of soldier ghosts in gray,
My mad impulse was all to smite and slay,
To spit upon you—tread you 'neath my feet.
But when I saw how each sad soul did greet
My gaze with no sign of defiant frown,
How from tired eyes looked spirits broken down,
How each face showed the pale flag of defeat,
And doubt, despair, and disillusionment,
And how were grievous wounds on many a head,
And on your garb red-faced was other red;
And how you stooped as men whose strength was spent,
I knew that we had suffered each as other,
And could have grasped your hand and cried, "My
brother!"

SERGEANT JOSEPH LEE.

The Spectator.

THE THREE LADS

Down the road rides a German lad,
Into the distance gray;
Straight toward the north as a bullet flies,
The dusky north, with its cold, sad skies;
But the song that he sings is merry and glad,
For he's off to the war and away.
"Then hey! for our righteous king!" (he cries)
"And the good old God in his good old skies!
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes,—
For I'm off to the war and away!"

Down the road rides a Russian lad,
Into the distance gray,
Out toward the glare of the steppes he spurs,
And he hears the wolves in the southern firs;
But the song that he sings is blithe and glad,
For he's off to the war and away.
"Then hey! for our noble tzar!" (he cries)
"And liberty that never dies!
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes,—
For I'm off to the war and away!"

Down the road rides an English lad,
Into the distance gray.
Through the murk and fog of the river's breath,
Through the dank, dark night he rides to his death;
But the song that he sings is gay and glad,
For he's off to the war and away.
"Then hey! for our honest king!" (he cries)
"And hey! for truth, and down with lies!
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes,—
For I'm off to the war and away!"

ELIZABETH CHANDLER FORMAN.

The Nation.

THE LONE WOMAN

They're gathering now at yon crossroads.
I hear the wail of a violin.
Ah, heart in my breast, be keeping still!
The women won't dance if I go in.

They're playing the tune he used to love
Before he went away to the West.
They're playing the tune we danced to best,
It goes to my heart like my child's caress.

They're dancing a reel at yon crossroads.
I hear the sound of a violin.
Ah, heart in my breast, be keeping still!
The women won't dance if I go in.

ROBERT A. CHRISTIE.

The Saturday Review.

TO "HIM THAT'S AWA'"

If I have ever dimmed with tears
The glory of your high emprise
Obscured with shadow of my fears
The Vision Splendid from your eyes—
 Forgive me, dear.

If beneath outward show of calm
You read my woman's anxious heart,
Knew that soul-deep I dreaded harm,
In secret failed to bear my part—
 Forget it, dear.

The brief disloyalty has passed—
Since Love betrayed, Love shall inspire—
A flame has touched my soul at last,
Lit from a consecrated fire—
 Your purpose, dear.

MRS. J. O. ARNOLD.

The Bookman.

THE LITTLE SHIPS

"The small steamer —— struck a mine yesterday and sank. The crew perished."—Daily Paper.

Who to the deep in ships go down
Great marvels do behold,
But comes the day when some must drown
In the gray sea and cold.
For galleons lost great bells do toll,
But now must we implore
God's ear for sunken Little Ships
Who are not heard of more.

When ships of war put out to sea
They go with guns and mail,
That so the chance may equal be
Should foeman them assail;
But Little Ships men's errands run
And are not clad for strife;
God's mercy then on Little Ships
Who cannot fight for life.

To warm and cure, to clothe and feed
They stoutly put to sea,
And since that men of them had need
Made light of jeopardy;
Each in her hour her fate did meet
Nor flinched nor made outcry;
God's love be with these Little Ships
Who could not choose but die.

To friar and nun, and every one
Who lives to save and tend,
Sisters were these whose work is done
And cometh thus to end;

Full well they know what risk they ran
But still were strong to give;
God's grace for all the Little Ships
Who died that men might live.

Punch.

THE CHIVALRY OF THE SEA

(Dedicated to the memory of Charles Fisher, late student of Christ Church, Oxford.)

Over the warring waters, beneath the wandering skies,
The heart of Britain roameth, the Chivalry of the sea,
Where Spring never bringeth a flower, nor bird singeth
in a tree;

Far, afar, O beloved, beyond the sight of our eyes,
Over the warring waters, beneath the stormy skies.

Staunch and valiant-hearted, to whom our toil were play,
Ye man with armor'd patience the bulwarks night and day,
Or on your iron coursers plough shuddering through the
Bay,

Or 'neath the deluge drive the skirmishing sharks of war:
Venturous boys who leapt on the pinnacle and row'd from
shore,

A mother's tear in the eye, a swift farewell to say,
And a great glory at heart that none can take away.

Seldom is your home-coming; for aye your pennon flies
In unrecorded exploits on the tumultuous wave;
Till, in the storm of battle, fast-thundering upon the foe,
Ye add your kindred names to the heroes of long ago,
And mid the blasting wrack, in the glad sudden death of
the brave,

Ye are gone to return no more.—Idly our tears arise;
Too proud for praise as ye lie in your unvisited grave,
The wide-warring water, under the starry skies.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

The Times.

MAGPIES IN PICARDY

The magpies in Picardy
Are more than I can tell.
They flicker down the dusty roads
And cast a magic spell
On the men who march through Picardy
Through Picardy to hell.

(The blackbird flies with panic,
The swallow goes like light,
The finches move like ladies,
The owl floats by at night;
But the great and flashing magpie
He flies as artists might.)

A magpie in Picardy
Told me secret things—
Of the music in white feathers,
And the sunlight that sings
And dances in deep shadows—
He told me with his wings.

(The hawk is cruel and rigid,
He watches from a height;
The rook is slow and sombre,
The robin loves to fight;
But the great and flashing magpie
He flies as lovers might.)

He told me that in Picardy,
An age ago or more,
While all his fathers still were eggs,
These dusty highways bore
Brown, singing soldiers marching out
Through Picardy to war.

He said that still through chaos
Works on the ancient plan,
And two things have altered not
Since first the world began—
The beauty of the wild green earth
And the bravery of man.

(For the sparrow flies unthinking
And quarrels in his flight.
The heron trails his legs behind,
The lark goes out of sight;
But the great and flashing magpie
He flies as poets might.)

TIPUCA.

The Westminster Gazette.

WATCHMEN OF THE NIGHT

Lords of the seas' great wilderness
The light-gray warships cut the wind;
The headland dwindles less and less;
The great waves, breaking, drench and blind
The stern-faced watcher on the deck,
While England fades into a speck.

Afar on that horizon gray
The sleepy homesteads one by one
Shine with their cheerful lights as day
Dies in the valley and is gone,
While the great moon comes o'er the hill
And floods the landscape, white and still.

But outward 'mid the homeless waste
The battle-fleet held on its way;
On either side the torn seas raced,
Over the bridge blew up the spray;
The quartermaster at the wheel
Steered through the night his ship of steel.

Once from a masthead blinked a light—
The Admiral spoke unto the Fleet;
Swift answers flashed along the night,
The charthouse glimmered through the sleet;
A bell rang from the engine-room,
And ere it ceased—the great guns' boom!

Then thunder through the silence broke
And rolled along the sullen deep;
A hundred guns flashed fire and spoke,
Which England heard not in her sleep
Nor dreamed of, while her fighting sons
Fed and fired the blazing guns.

Dawn broke in England, sweet and clear ;
Birds in the brake, the lark in heaven
Made musical the morning air ;
But distant, shattered, scorched and riven,
Gathered the ships—aye, dawn was well
After the night's red and raging hell.

But some came not with break of light,
Nor looked upon the saffron dawn ;
They keep the watch of endless Night,
On the soft breast of ocean borne.
O waking England, rise and pray
For sons who guard thee night and day !

CECIL ROBERTS.

The Poetry Review.

"FOR A SCRAP OF PAPER"

Why bursts the cloud in thunder, and to devastate the
world
The levin bolt of battle from heaven, or hell, is hurled?
Why march embattled millions, to death or victory
sworn?
Why gape yon lanes of carnage by red artillery torn?
For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of paper, nothing
more!

Why spurned the least of nations, but the bravest of
the brave,
The wages of dishonor and a traitor's peaceful grave?
Why drew she sword? and, flinging the scabbard far
away,
Why rushed she into battle, the foremost in the fray?
For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of paper, nothing
more!

When the Queen of Empires summoned her children to
her shore,
And to set the ocean rolling she but spoke a word—no
more—
"Oh, come to me, my children, to your mother, come
to me!"
Why flocked the regiments trooping from the lands
beyond the sea?
For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of paper, nothing
more!

Why hasted all the peoples to confront the bandit crew,
When they heard the tocsin tolling and the blast that
Justice blew?

Why thrilled they at the summons, and answered one
and all,
By thousand thousands thronging, to the far-blown
bugle-call?
For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of paper, nothing
more!

When the guns have ceased to thunder and the battle-
storm to rave,
When the stars above are calling the last muster of the
brave,
As they lie there in their thousands, with their faces
to the sky,
We can hear their voices answer, "We were glad and
proud to die
For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of paper, nothing
more!"

PAUL HYACINTH LOYSON.

(Translated by Sir James Fraser.)
The Fortnightly Review.

THE NURSE

Here in the long white ward I stand,
Pausing a little breathless space,
Touching a restless fevered hand,
Murmuring comfort's commonplace—

Long enough pause to feel the cold
Fingers of fear about my heart;
Just for a moment, uncontrolled,
All the pent tears of pity start.

While here I strive, as best I may,
Strangers' long hours of pain to ease,
Dumbly I question—*Far away*
Lies my beloved, even as these?

Punch.

FROM BOSRAH

Who is this, in regal state, who cometh from afar,
His Tyrian purple garments dyed to a fierce blood-red,
His sword unsheathed and rusted with dreadful stains
of war,
A crown of gold and jewels set on his royal head?

Triumphantly he passes o'er Edom's tranquil plain,
Death with his captives following across the ruined
fields,
Unharvested, ungarnered, blood-stained the golden grain,
Where war demands the tribute that stubborn valor
yields.

Before him spreads in radiance the glory of the world,
God's splendid gift that all men are bound to hold in
trust;
Behind him grief and anguish 'neath terror's flag unfurled,
Where flaming homes hide secrets of murder, rapine,
lust.

This is he, whose regal state proclaims him Lord of War,
Death following in his footsteps, close as a new-made
bride;
With glittering spear uplifted he cometh from afar,
The crimson of his raiment in blood of thousands dyed.

* * * * *

Who is this with wayworn feet and head in anguish
bowed,
Blood-drops upon His vesture, His forehead bathed in
sweat;
Thorn-crowned, and gibed and jeered at amid a following
crowd,
Who mock the stern endurance where God and man
have met?

Here, strong to save, One cometh, speaking in righteousness,

Who in His blood-stained garments alone the wine-press trod ;

No one stood by to answer the cry of His distress

When in His love and pity He faced the wrath of God.

This is He, the Lord of Peace, with travel-weary feet,

In crown of thorns, and stained with blood, who cometh from afar ;

He who, upon the reckoning day when God and man shall meet,

Shall show Himself a conqueror, triumphant over war.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

Chambers's Journal.

TO A SOLDIER IN HOSPITAL

Courage came to you with your boyhood's grace
Of ardent life and limb.
Each day new dangers steeled you to the test,
To ride, to climb, to swim.
Your hot blood taught you carelessness of death
With every breath.

So when you went to play another game
You could not but be brave:
An Empire's team, a rougher football field,
The end—perhaps your grave.
What matter? On the winning of a goal
You staked your soul.

Yes, you wore courage as you wore your youth
With carelessness and joy.
But in what Spartan school of discipline
Did you get patience, boy?
How did you learn to bear this long-drawn pain
And not complain?

Restless with throbbing hopes, with thwarted aims,
Impulsive as a colt,
How do you lie here month by weary month
Helpless and not revolt?
What joy can these monotonous days afford
Here in a ward?

Yet you are merry as the birds in spring,
Or feign the gayety,
Lest those who dress and tend your wound each day
Should guess the agony.
Lest they should suffer—this the only fear
You let draw near.

Graybeard philosophy has sought in books
And argument this truth,
That man is greater than his pain, but you
Have learnt it in your youth.
You know the wisdom taught by Calvary
At twenty-three.

Death would have found you brave, but braver still
You face each lagging day,
A merry Stoic, patient, chivalrous,
Divinely kind and gay.
You bear your knowledge lightly, graduate
Of unkind Fate.

Careless philosopher, the first to laugh,
The latest to complain,
Unmindful that you teach, you taught me this
In your long fight with pain:
Since God made man so good—here stands my creed—
God's good indeed.

W. M. LETTS.

The Spectator.

"OUR ANNUAL"

Up the well-remembered fairway, past the buoys and
forts we drifted—

Saw the houses, roads and churches, as they were a
year ago.

Far astern were wars and battles, all the dreary clouds
were lifted,

As we turned the Elbow Ledges—felt the engines ease
to "Slow."

Rusty side and dingy paintwork, stripped for war and
cleared for battle—

Saw the harbor-tugs around us—smelt the English
fields again,—

English fields and English hedges—sheep and horses,
English cattle,

Like a screen unrolled before us, through the mist of
English rain.

Slowly through the basin entrance—twenty thousand
tons a-crawling

With a thousand men aboard her, all a-weary of the
War—

Warped her round and laid alongside with the cobble-
stones a-calling—

"There's a special train awaiting, just for you to come
ashore."

Out again as fell the evening, down the harbor in the
gloaming

With the sailors on the fo'c's'le looking wistfully a-lee—
Just another year of waiting—just another year of
roaming

For the Majesty of England—for the Freedom of the
Sea.

KLAXON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PASSING-BELL

That was the Passing-bell.
For whom? For one who died
That England might fare well.
One of that hero-host innumerable,
A Nation's pride.

But England never dies,
Through such she lives and rears
Her standard of Emprise,
High faith, free hope, and all that purifies
The stain of years.

It tolls not ; it is glad,
Glad with a solemn spell.
Can England's heart be sad
Ennobled by the noblest sons she had?
It is no Passing-bell.

WALTER SICHEL.

The Westminster Gazette.

"POOR OLD SHIP!"

She wasn't much to brag about, she wasn't much to see,
A rusty crusty hooker as a merchant ship could be;
They sunk her off the Longships Light as night was
coming on,
And we had to go and leave her there and, poor old ship,
she's gone.
All that was good of her, all that was bad of her,
All that we gave to her, all that we had of her,
Poor old ship, she's gone!

The times we spent aboard her, they was oftener bad
than good,
But bad or good, we'd live the lot all over if we could;
She's stood her trick as well as us, she's had her whack
of fun,
She's shared it all with sailormen, and poor old ship, she's
done.
Hard times and soft times and all times we've been with
her,
Bad days and good days and all sorts we've seen with her,
And, poor old ship, she's done!

She's stuck her crazy derricks up by half a hundred quays,
She's dipped her dingy duster in the spray of all the seas;
Her funnel's caked with Cape Horn ice and blistered in
the sun,
She's moseyed round above a bit, and, poor old ship, she's
done.
North seas and south, and they've all had a go at her,
Hot winds and cold, and they've all had a blow at her,
And, poor old ship, she's done!

- She's trailed her smudge the whole world round in
weather gray and blue,
She's churned a dozen oceans with her blooming nine-
knot screw;

She's sampled all the harbor mud from Cardiff to Canton,
And she'll never clear another port, for, poor old ship,
she's gone.

Ports up and down, and she's seen many a score of 'em;
Seas high and low, and she won't sail no more of 'em,
For, poor old ship, she's gone!

And chaps that knowed her in their time, 'tween London
and Rangoon,

In many a sailor's drinking-place and water-front saloon,
Will set their drinks down when they hear her blooming
yarn is spun,

And say, "I sailed aboard her once, and, poor old ship,
she's done.

Many's the hard word I once used to spend on her,
Ah, them was great days, and now there's an end on her,
Poor old ship, she's done!"

C. FOX SMITH.

Punch.

RED POPPIES IN THE CORN

I've seen them in the morning light,
When white mists drifted by:
I've seen them in the dusk o' night
Glow 'gainst the starry sky.
The slender waving blossoms red,
Mid yellow fields forlorn:
A glory on the scene they shed,
Red Poppies in the Corn.

I've seen them, too, those blossoms red,
Show 'gainst the Trench lines' screen,
A crimson stream that waved and spread
Thro' all the brown and green:
I've seen them dyed a deeper hue
Than ever nature gave,
Shell-torn from slopes on which they grew,
To cover many a grave.

Bright blossoms fair by nature set
Along the dusty ways,
You cheered us, in the battle's fret,
Thro' long and weary days:
You gave us hope: if fate be kind,
We'll see that longed-for morn,
When home again we march and find
Red Poppies in the Corn.

W. CAMPBELL GALBRAITH, C. M. G.

The Westminster Gazette.

KITCHENER'S MARCH

Not the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men,
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again.

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, build your hero's cairn!
He was worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep,
There's a spirit cannot die
While one heart is left to leap.
In the land he gave his all,
Steel alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men!
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

A. J. B.

The Bookman.

THE ARMED LINER

The dull gray paint of war
Covering the shining brass and gleaming decks
That once reëchoed to the steps of youth.
That was before
The storms of destiny made ghastly wrecks
Of Peace, the Right and Truth.
Impromptu dances, colored lights and laughter,
Lovers watching the phosphorescent waves,
Now gaping guns, a whistling shell; and after -
So many wandering graves.

H. SMALLEY SARSON.

The Poetry Review.

PRO PATRIA

England, in this great fight to which you go
Because, where Honor calls you, go you must,
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought;
But not for her sake, being what you are,
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,
May with the brute sword stain a gallant past;
But by the seal to which *you* set your hand,
Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,
Steadfast and confident, of those who keep
Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait—
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,
We ask what offering we may consecrate,
What humble service share?

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together, merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood;—

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need;—

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;
To hush all vulgar clamor of the street;
With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat;—

This be our part, for so we serve you best,
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,
Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide.

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.

THE QUARTERMASTER

I mustn't look up from the compass-card, nor look at
the seas at all,
I must watch the helm and compass-card—If I heard the
trumpet-call
Of Gabriel sounding Judgment Day to dry the Seas
again,—
I must hold her bow to windward now till I'm relieved
again,—
To the pipe and wail of a tearing gale,
Carrying Starboard Ten.

I must stare and frown at the compass-card, that chases
round the bowl,
North and South and back again with every lurching
roll.
By the feel of the ship beneath I know the way she's
going to swing,
But I mustn't look up to the booming wind however the
halliards sing—
In a breaking sea with the land a-lee,
Carrying Starboard Ten.

And I stoop to look at the compass-card as closes in the
night,
For it's hard to see by the shaded glow of half a candle
light,
But the spokes are bright, and I note beside in the corner
of my eye
A shimmer of light on oilskin wet that shows the Owner
nigh—
Foggy and thick and a windy trick,
Carrying Starboard Ten.

Heave and sway or dive and roll can never disturb
me now;
Though seas may sweep in rivers of foam across the
straining bow,
I've got my eyes on the compass-card, and though she
broke her keel
And hit the bottom beneath us now, you'd find me at
the wheel
In Davy's realm, still at the helm,
Carrying Starboard Ten.

KLAXON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SPORTSMEN IN PARADISE

They left the fury of the fight,
And they were very tired.
The gates of Heaven were open quite,
Unguarded and unwired.
There was no sound of any gun,
The land was still and green;
Wide hills lay silent in the sun,
Blue valleys slept between.

They saw far off a little wood
Stand up against the sky.
Knee-deep in grass a great tree stood. . . .
Some lazy cows went by . . .
There were some rooks sailed overhead,
And once a church-bell pealed.
"God! but it's England," some one said,
"And there's a cricket-field!"

TIPUCA.

The Westminster Gazette.

CROCUSES AT NOTTINGHAM

(From a Trench)

Out here the dogs of war run loose,
Their whipper-in is Death;
Across the spoilt and battered fields
We hear their sobbing breath.
The fields where grew the living corn
Are heavy with our dead;
Yet still the fields at home are green
And I have heard it said:

That—

There are crocuses at Nottingham!
Wild crocuses at Nottingham!
Blue crocuses at Nottingham!
Though here the grass is red.

There are little girls at Nottingham
Who do not dread the Boche,
Young girls at school at Nottingham
(Lord! how I need a wash!).
There are little boys at Nottingham
Who never hear a gun;
There are silly fools at Nottingham
Who think we're here for fun.

When—

There are crocuses at Nottingham!
Young crocus buds at Nottingham!
Thousands of buds at Nottingham
Ungathered by the Hun.

But here we trample down the grass
Into a purple slime;
There lives no tree to give the birds
House room in pairing-time.

We live in holes, like cellar rats,
But through the noise and smell
I often see those crocuses
Of which the people tell.

Why!

There are crocuses at Nottingham!
Bright crocuses at Nottingham!
Real crocuses at Nottingham!
Because we're here in Hell.

The Times.

IN ENGLAND

To-day the lonely winds are loose,
And crying goes the rain,
And here we walk the fields they knew,
The Dead who died in pain.
The fields that wait the slow hours long
For sounds that shall not come—
In other fields, in other earth
The laughing hearts lie dumb.

And—
There are silent homes in England, now,
And wakeful eyes in England, now,
And tired hearts in England, now,
Unhailed by fife or drum.

There are crocuses at Nottingham
And jonquils in the South,
And any Dorset child may press
A snowdrop to her mouth.
The broken flesh that Flanders keeps,
It, too, may have its flowers,
But are they haunted, memory-sad
As these new buds of ours?

For—
There are ghosts abroad in England, now,
And crying winds in England, now,
And none forget in England, now,
The wasted lives and powers.

Here, we who cannot even die
Live out our emptied days—
The maimed, the blind, the witless, throng
Our unassaulted ways.

Around our lives, the broken lives
Like worthless toys downthrown,
And they were dropped in Hell, whilst here
The early flowers had blown,

But—
Our hearts are pierced in England, now,
And none forget in England, now,
That redder seed than England's now
In Flanders earth is sown!

MAY O'ROURKE.

The Times.

"WHOSE DEBTORS WE ARE"

They held, against the storms of fate,
In war's tremendous game,
A little land inviolate
Within a world aflame.

They looked on scarred and ruined lands,
On shell-wrecked fields forlorn,
And gave to us, with open hands,
Full fields of yellow corn;

The silence wrought in wood and stone,
Whose aisles our fathers trod;
The pines that stand apart, alone,
Like sentinels of God;

The stars that guard the quiet night,
Pin-pricked against the blue;
The wind-swept dawn whose tranquil light
Is mirrored in the dew.

With generous hands they paid the price
Unconscious of the cost,
But we must gauge the sacrifice
By all that they have lost.

The joy of young adventurous ways,
Of keen and undimmed sight,
The eager tramp through sunny days,
The dreamless sleep of night,

The happy hours that come and go
In youth's untiring quest,
They gave, because they willed it so,
With some light-hearted jest.

No lavish love of future years,
No passionate regret,
No gift of sacrifice or tears
Can ever pay the debt.

Punch.

THE GREAT GUNS OF ENGLAND

The great guns of England, they listen mile on mile
To the boasts of a broken War-Lord; they lift their
throats and smile;
But the old woods are fallen
For a while.

The old woods are fallen; yet will they come again,
They will come back some springtime with the warm
winds and the rain,
For Nature guardeth her children
Never in vain.

They will come back some season; it may be a hundred
years;
It is all one to Nature with the centuries that are hers;
She shall bring back her children
And dry all their tears.

But the tears of a would-be War-Lord shall never cease
to flow,
He shall weep for the poisoned armies whenever the gas-
winds blow,
He shall always weep for his widows,
And all Hell shall know.

The tears of a pitiless Kaiser shallow they'll flow and
wide,
Wide as the desolation made by his silly pride
When he slaughtered a little people
To stab France in her side.

Over the ragged cinders they shall flow on and on
With the listless falling of streams that find not Oblivion,
For ages and ages of years
Till the last star is gone.

LORD DUNSANY.

The Saturday Review.

BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE

Our little hour—how swift it flies
When poppies flare and lilies smile;
How soon the fleeting minute dies,
Leaving us but a little while
To dream our dream, to sing our song,
To pick the fruit, to pluck the flower,
The Gods—They do not give us long—
One little hour.

Our little hour—how short it is
When Love with dew-eyed loveliness
Raises her lips for ours to kiss
And dies within our first caress.
Youth flickers out like windblown flame,
Sweets of to-day to-morrow sour,
For Time and Death, relentless, claim
One little hour.

Our little hour—how short a time
To wage our wars, to fan our fates,
To take our fill of armored crime,
To troop our banner, storm the gates.
Blood on the sword, our eyes blood-red,
Blind in our puny reign of power,
Do we forget how soon is sped
One little hour.

Our little hour—how soon it dies;
How short a time to tell our beads,
To chant our feeble Litanies,
To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.
The altar lights grow pale and dim,
The bells hang silent in the tower—
So passes with the dying hymn
Our little hour.

LESLIE COULSON.

MARE LIBERUM

You dare to say with perjured lips,
"We fight to make the ocean free"?
You, whose black trail of butchered ships
Bestrews the bed of every sea
Where German submarines have wrought
Their horrors! Have you never thought,—
What you call freedom, men call piracy!

Unnumbered ghosts that haunt the wave
Where you have murdered, cry you down;
And seamen whom you would not save,
Weave now in weed-grown depths a crown
Of shame for your imperious head,—
A dark memorial of the dead,—
Women and children whom you left to drown.

Nay, not till thieves are set to guard
The gold, and corsairs called to keep
O'er peaceful commerce watch and ward,
And wolves to herd the helpless sheep,
Shall men and women look to thee,—
Thou ruthless Old Man of the Sea,—
To safeguard law and freedom on the deep!

In nobler breeds we put our trust:
The nations in whose sacred lore
The "Ought" stands out above the "Must,"
And Honor rules in peace and war.
With these we hold in soul and heart,
With these we choose our lot and part,
Till Liberty is safe on sea and shore.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

U. S. Minister at The Hague, 1913-16.

THE PATROL

*Five men over the parapet, with a one-star loot in
charge,
Stumbling along through the litter and muck and curs-
ing blind and large,
Hooking their gear in the clutching wire as they wriggle
through the gap,
For an hour's patrol in No Man's Land, and take what
chance may hap.*

Over the sodden parapet and through the rusty wire,
Out of touch with all good things, fellowship, light, and
fire;
Every clattering bully-tin a Judas as we pass,
At every star-shell, face to earth upon the sodden grass.

From Misery Farm to Seven Trees it's safe enough
to go.
But it's belly-crawl down Dead Man's Ditch, half
choked with grimy snow.
Then back beside the grass-grown road—Watch out!
They've got it set!
To where B Company's listening post lies shivering
in the wet.

All the dark's a mystery, and every breath's a threat—
I've forgotten many a thing, but this I sha'n't forget,
A crawl by night in No Man's Land, with never a sight
or sound,
Except the flares and the rifle-flash and the blind death
whimpering round.

And I have failed at many a task, but this one thing
I've learned:
It's little things make Paradise—like three hours' doss
well earned,

A fire of coke in a battered pail, and a gulp of ration
rum,
Or a gobbled meal of bully and mud, with the guns for
a moment dumb.

And horror's not from the terrible things—men torn to
rags by a shell.
And the whole trench swimming in blood and slush,
like a butcher's shop in hell;
It's silence and night and the smell of the dead that
shake a man to the soul,
From Misery Farm to Dead Man's Ditch on a "Nil
report" patrol.

*Five men back to the trench again, with a one-star loot
in charge,
Stumbling over the rusty tins and cursing blind and
large.
Enter the trench-log up to date by a guttering candle's
flare!
"No report" (save that hell is dark, and we have just
been there).*

J. H. KNIGHT-ADKIN,
Capt. Glosters.

The Spectator.

SUBALTERNS
(*A Song of Oxford*)

They had so much to lose; their radiant laughter
Shook my old walls—how short a time ago.
I hold the echoes of their song hereafter
Among the precious things I used to know.

Their cup of life was full to overflowing,
All earth had laid its tribute at their feet.
What harvest might we hope from such a sowing?
What noonday from a dawning so complete?

And I—I watched them working, dreaming, playing,
Saw their young bodies fit the mind's desire,
Felt them reach outward, upward, still obeying
The passionate dictates of their hidden fire.

Yet here and there some graybeard breathed derision,
"Too much of luxury, too soft an age!
Your careless Galahads will see no vision,
Your knights will make no mark on honor's page."

No mark?—Go ask the broken fields in Flanders,
Ask the great dead who watched in ancient Troy,
Ask the old moon as round the world she wanders
What of the men who were my hope and joy!

They are but fragments of Imperial splendor,
Handfuls of might amid a mighty host,
Yet I, who saw them go with proud surrender,
May surely claim to love them first and most.

They who had all, gave all. Their half-writ story
Lies in the empty halls they knew so well,
But they, the knights of God, shall see His glory,
And find the Grail ev'n in the fire of hell.

MILDRED HUXLEY.

The Spectator.

PARIS AGAIN

Big blue overcoat and breeches red as red,
And a queer quaint *képi* at an angle on his head;
And he sang as he was marching, and in the Tuilleries
You could meet him *en permission* with Margot on his
knee.

At the little *café* tables by the dusty palms in tubs,
In the Garden of the Luxembourg, among the scented
shrubs,

On the old Boul. Mich. of student days, you saw his
red and blue;

Did you come to love the *fantassin*, *le p'tit piou-piou*?

He has gone, gone, vanished, like a dream of yester-
night;

He is out among the hedges where the shrapnel smoke
is white;

And some of him are singing still and some of him are
dead,

And blood and mud and sweat and smoke have stained
his blue and red.

He is out among the hedges and the ditches in the rain,
Put, when the *soixante-quinzes* are hushed, just hark!—
the old refrain,

“*Si tu veux faire mon bonheur, Marguerite, O Mar-
guerite,*”

Ringings clear above the rifles and the trampling of the
feet.

Ah, may *le bon Dieu* send him back again in blue and
red,

With his queer, quaint *képi* at an angle on his head.

So the Seine shall laugh again beneath the sunlight's
quick caress;

So the Meudon woods shall echo once again to "*La
Jeunesse.*"

And all along the Luxembourg and in the Tuilleries,
We shall meet him *en permission* with Margot on his
knee.

Punch.

THE BIRDS FLIT UNAFRAID

The birds flit unafraid
Through your great cannonade;
And, O Cannoniers, though ill
The forests take your skill
And as by winter nipp'd
Scatter leaves bullet-stript
Down the shell-ravaged road—
Still, in its dark abode,
In the branches of God,
The Soul sings on alone;
You may blow the dead from their crypt,
Not the dream from its throne!

HERBERT TRENCH.

The Westminster Gazette.

PROCESSIONAL

Shall Christ not have His chosen men
Nor lead His crested knights so tall,
Superb upon their horses when
The world's last cities fall?

Ah, no! These few, the maimed, the dumb,
The saints of every lazar's den,
The earth's offscourings—they come
From desert and from fen

To break the terror of the night,
Black dreams and dreadful mysteries,
And proud lost empires in their might,
And chains and tyrannies. . . .

See how the plated gates unfold,
How swing the creaking doors of brass!
Victorious in defeat—behold,
Christ and His cohorts pass!

THEODORE MAYNARD.

GOD'S HILLS

In our hill-country of the North,
The rainy skies are soft and gray,
And rank on rank the clouds go forth,
And rain in orderly array
Treads the mysterious flanks of hills
That stood before our race began,
And still shall stand when Sorrow spills
Her last tear on the dust of man.

There shall the mists in beauty break
And clinging tendrils finely drawn,
A rose and silver glory make
About the silent feet of dawn;
Till Gable clears his iron sides
And Bowfell's wrinkled front appears,
And Scawfell's clustered might derides
The menace of the marching years.

The tall men of that noble land
Who share such high companionship,
Are scorers of the feeble hand,
Contemners of the faltering lip.
When all the ancient truths depart,
In every strait that men confess,
Stands in the stubborn Cumbrian heart
The spirit of that steadfastness.

In quiet valleys of the hills
The humble gray stone crosses lie,
And all day long the curlew shrills
And all day long the wind goes by.
But on some stifling alien plain
The flesh of Cumbrian men is thrust
In shallow pits, and cries in vain
To mingle with its kindred dust.

Yet those make death a little thing
Who know the settled works of God,
Winds that heard Latin watchwords ring
From ramparts where the Roman trod.
Stars that beheld the last King's crown
Flash in the steel-gray mountain tarn,
And ghylls that cut the live rock down
Before Kings ruled in Ispahan.

And when the sun at even dips
And Sabbath bells are sad and sweet,
When some wan Cumbrian mother's lips
Pray for the son they shall not greet,
As falls that sudden dew of grace
Which makes for her the riddle plain,
The South wind blows to our own place,
And we shall see the hills again.

EDWARD MELBOURNE.

The New Witness.

THE INN O' THE SWORD

(A Song of Youth and War)

Roving along the King's highway
I met wi' a Romany black.

"Good day," says I; says he, "Good day,
And what may you have in your pack?"

"Why, a shirt," says I, "and a song or two
To make the road go faster."

He laughed: "Ye'll find or the day be through
There's more nor that, young master.

Oh, roving's good and youth is sweet
And love is its own reward;

But there's that shall stay your careless feet
When ye come to the Sign o' the Sword."

"Riddle me, riddlemaree," quoth I,

"Is a game that's ill to win,

And the day is o'er fair such tasks to try"—

Said he, "Ye shall know at the inn."

With that he suited his path to mine

And we traveled merrily,

Till I was ware of the promised sign

And the door of an hostelry.

And the Romany sang, "To the very life

Ye shall pay for bed and board;

Will ye turn aside to the House of Strife?

Will ye lodge at the Inn o' the Sword?"

Then I looked at the inn 'twixt joy and fear,

And the Romany looked at me.

Said I, "We ha' come to a parting here

And I know not who you be."

But he only laughed as I smote on the door:

"Go, take ye the fighting chance;

Mayhap I once was a troubadour

In the knightly days of France.

Oh, the feast is set for those who dare
And the reddest o' wine outpoured;
And some sleep sound after peril and care
At the Hostelry of the Sword."

Punch.

TO KING GEORGE

From East to West, from North to South, thy Banner is unfurled;
It streams above the Seven Seas, it waves throughout the world!
The sun may travel far by day and journey through the night;
Speed as he will, thine Empire's bounds be yet beyond his sight.
Discord is silent at thy word, and safe beneath thy rule
The lamb and lion slake their thirst beside the self-same pool.
Each home is nurs'd in Virtue's lap, and Folly's voice is still;
Even in dreams there cometh not a single thought of ill!
Fire, water, wind obey thy will and thy commandments own;
Triumph and Joy dwell calm beneath the shadows of thy Throne!
Imperial Master, noble George, our sovereign Lord and King,
Thee, our defense in time of need, thy loving people sing.
While tower the Mountains of the North, while sunlight gilds the plain,
While gleams the silver moon by night, or heaves the rolling main,
World-wide, unmoved, impregnable, may thy dominion stand,
And for the buttress of thy Right be God's protecting hand!

SIRDAR DALJIT SINGH, C. S. I.

OXFORD REVISITED IN WAR TIME

Beneath fair Magdalen's storied towers
I wander in a dream,
And hear the mellow chimes float out
O'er Cherwell's ice-bound stream.

Throstle and blackbird stiff with cold
Hop on the frozen grass;
Among the aged, upright oaks
The dun deer slowly pass.

The chapel organ rolls and swells,
And voices still praise God;
But ah! the thought of youthful friends
Who lie beneath the sod.

Now wounded men with gallant eyes
Go hobbling down the street,
And nurses from the hospitals
Speed by with tireless feet.

The town is full of uniforms;
And through the stormy sky,
Frightening the rooks from the tallest trees,
The aeroplanes roar by.

The older faces still are here
More grave and true and kind,
Ennobled by the steadfast toil
Of patient heart and mind.

And old-time friends are dearer grown
To fill a double place:
Unshaken faith makes glorious
Each forward-looking face.

Old Oxford's walls are gray and worn:
She knows the truth of tears,
But to-day she stands in her ancient pride
Crowned with eternal years.

Gone are her sons: yet her heart is glad
In the glory of their youth,
For she brought them forth to live or die
By freedom, justice, truth.

Cold moonlight falls on silent towers;
The young ghosts walk with the old;
But Oxford dreams of the dawn of May,
And her heart is free and bold.

TERTIUS VAN DYKE.

THE LOOM

Riding back from Caudebec through autumn night and
rain,
Through colonnades of Norway pine that fringe the
Norman Seine,
I heard a wild boar grouting, I heard a lone stag bray,
And—I heard the muffled mutter of the great guns far
away.

The clitter-clock of the horse's hoofs along the forest
trail,
The sawing of a withered branch that felt the rising
gale,
The creak and groan of leather—and over, under all
That never-ending murmur with its half-heard rise
and fall.

Then, as a wan and watery moon gleamed thro' the
driving rain,
The forest turned upon itself like a woman in her pain.
The shadows gathered shape and form, and, monstrous,
in the gloom
Of groves that knew the Elder Gods, I saw and
heard—The Loom.

Its whirring wheel from earth to sky bore warp and
woof of weird,
Its distaff wove the dooms of men, its phantom spindle
veered,
While the wandering wind that walks the world came
wailing thro' the trees
And the hair upon my head stood up, the horse flinched
'neath my knees,

For I knew the Gods behind the Gods, the Gods of an
older day,
The Norns who were ere Odin was, whom Ragnarok
cannot slay:
And I was the child of an ordered world and followed
the Nazarene,
But their spindle-song sang "Christ is dead with all
that He seemed to mean."

And the old fierce Gods have come again, the Gods of
pride and might,
Whose lips are slow and feeble to bless, but whose
hands are heavy to smite,
Who, desperate, rule the world for a while in dread by
fear of the sword,
With the hopeless fates behind their power and doom
at their council board.

The White Christ wails in Nibelheim and never shall
rise again.
His Saints are dumb and in their stead ride the
"Choosers of the Slain"!
And my heart grew cold within my breast as the shape-
less shuttle whirled,
For ever the whisper of distant guns was their songs'
over-word.

But, as I shook in the saddle there, I signed myself
with the sign,
And a new heart grew within my breast and my blood
warmed as with wine,
I tightened my knees on the saddle-flaps and straight-
ened my back and called:
"For all the weight and woe of your weird I am not yet
appalled,
"For I have been in the Ditches of Death and I have
seen men die,
Your warp and woof may darken the earth but they
cannot hide the sky,

Ye may grind men's bones and rive their flesh and
pound their works into dust,
But Christ on the Cross of Calvary is the sword our
souls shall trust!"

The black boughs swung against the sky, a sudden rain
squall blurred
The half-seen vistas of the pines—At speaking of the
Word
The Sight had passed—and as I rode I saw by
Mailleraie
A road-side Calvary stand clear against the dawning
day.

J. H. KNIGHT-ADKIN,
Capt. Glosters.

The Spectator.

THEIR NURSES

We rocked their blue-lined cradles, we watched their
 smiles and tears;
With toil-worn hands we led them along the helpless
 years;
They brought to us their sorrows, to us their broken toys;
We were their first fond mothers, they—just our baby
 boys!

The years went by. From Sandhurst, clean-limbed broad-
 shouldered men,
To us in lodge and cottage would come our boys again,
In from a long day's hunting or wet walk with the guns,
To take their tea with "Nana." These were our grown-
 up sons.

Then came the calling bugles that drew them as with
 cords;
Our boys came home as soldiers in buckled belts and
 swords;
'Twas "Wish me luck, then, Nana; I'm off to join the
 crowd!"
What luck did we not wish them! And oh, but we were
 proud.

We shared their every hardship; we knew, we knew how
 well
The boys we nursed would bear them in face of shot and
 shell;
By Memory's fireguard shadow flung o'er a white cot's
 fold
We, with the hearts of mothers, knew when our boys
 slept cold.

We shared their every triumph, admired as from afar
Each new toy as they showed it—each medal, clasp and
 bar;
Our babes were grown to Captains; we saw them crowd
 the lists
With wooden swords of boyhood held firm in dimpled
 fists.

At last, long feared and waited, the casual word came
 through:
We knew them “killed in action”; no more their mothers
 knew;
The world may speak of motherhood; we felt its pangs
 for these
Who learned to play at soldiers long since beside our
 knees.

Their medals to their mothers—the honor and the pride;
We, too, with arms as empty, remembering, have cried;
They were our dimpled babies whose laugh and lisp we
 keep;
We watched their infant cradles—God guard their sol-
 dier sleep!

W. H. O.

Punch.

THE ROAD

The Road is thronged with women: soldiers pass
And halt, but never see them: yet they're here,
A patient crowd along the sodden grass,
Silent, worn out with waiting, sick with fear.
The Road goes crawling up a long hillside
All ruts and stones and sludge, and the emptied dregs
Of battle thrown in heaps: here, where they died,
Are stretched big-bellied horses with stiff legs;
And dead men, bloody-fingered from the fight,
Stare up at cavern'd darkness winking white.

You in the bomb-scorched kilt, poor sprawling Jock,
You tottered here and fell, and stumbled on,
Half-dazed for want of sleep: no dream could mock
Your reeling brain with comforts lost and gone.
You did not feel her arms about your knees,
Her blind caress, her lips upon your head:
Too tired for thoughts of home and love and ease,
The Road would serve you well enough for bed.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON, B. E. F.

The Saturday Review.

A HYMN OF LOVE

(An answer to the "Hymn of Hate")

Britannia, Mother, hear our joyous hymn,
As strong with Freedom's strength and fearless pride,
Serene and steadfast, clean in life and limb,
By Love sustained and through Love justified,
We fight our fight for Right.
From freedom fashioned and by Freedom bound,
Servants to Right but tyrants to the Wrong,
Grant that within our hearts be ever found
That Love-born Wisdom which alone makes strong
And justifieth Might.

Put from us frothy arrogance and hate,
That evil offspring of a meagre Love;
If smite we must, then let our blows be great
With joyous laughter born in Heaven above,
Not with a Hell-spawned spite.
Britannia, Mother, at thy feet we kneel,
As Lovers give, so reck we not the price,
Bid us to live more near the Great Ideal,
So when we die, a fitting sacrifice
Be offered unto Right.

From out the splendid annals of the past,
Triumphant swells our fathers' battle song,
The challenge that their deathless valor cast
Still lies defiant at the feet of Wrong
And shames our tardy Might.
Britannia, Mother, as they made thee great,
By lives whose greatness ever lives in thee,
So bid that we enrich thy precious freight
By lives whose greatness shall eternally
Bear witness to the Right.

In triumph merciful, in grim defeat
Content to suffer and if needs be die,
So that Humanity may one day greet
The Freedom that our blood shall sanctify,
In that we fought for Right.
Britannia, Motherland, be great in us,
So shall thy children all be great in thee,
Each guiding each to Heaven; only thus
Shall man attain God's Love-born unity,
And Right be one with Might.

See the whole Empire, our great Heritage,
Far-flung by Freedom, but by Love made one,
True Archetype of the Democratic Age
Which now in blood and travail hath begun
To bear its precious fruit.
Britannia, Mother, bid our Love go forth
To every Nation and to every land,
Till, free from hate and bondage, Mother Earth
Fulfil the Harmony which God hath planned,
But man must execute.

Ho! The Joy of it! The Victor's shout
Already throbs triumphant in our throats;
Who greatly loveth knows nor fear nor doubt,
But borne on Love's eternal pinions floats
Free as the Eagle's flight.
Britannia, Mother, hear our joyous hymn,
As strong with Freedom's strength and fearless pride,
Serene and steadfast, clean in life and limb,
By Love sustained and through Love justified
We fight our fight for Right.

• RICHARD HOPE, *Lieut., R. N.*

The Poetry Review.

TO AMERICA, ON HER FIRST SONS FALLEN IN
THE GREAT WAR

Now you are one with us, you know our tears,
Those tears of pride and pain so fast to flow;
You too have sipped the first strange draught of woe;
You too have tasted of our hopes and fears;
Sister across the ocean, stretch your hand,
Must we not love you more, who learn to understand?

There are new graves in France, new quiet graves;
The first-fruit of a Nation great and free,
Full of rich fire of life and chivalry,
Lie quietly, though tide of battle laves
Above them: sister, sister, see our tears,
We mourn with you, who know so well the bitter years.

Now do you watch with us; your pain of loss
Lit by a wondrous glow of love and power
That flowers, star-like at the darkest hour
Lighting the eternal message of the Cross;
They gain their life who lose it, earth shall rise
Anew and cleansed, because of life's great sacrifice.

And that great band of souls your dead have met,
Who saved the world in centuries past and gone,
Shall find new comrades in their valiant throng;
Oh, Nation's heart that cannot e'er forget,
Is not death but the door to life begun
To those who hear far Heaven cry "Well done!"

E. M. WALKER.

The Spectator.

ADMIRAL DUGOUT

He had done with fleets and squadrons, with the restless
 roaming seas,

He had found the quiet haven he desired,
And he lay there to his moorings with the dignity and
 ease

Most becoming to Rear-Admirals (retired) ;
He was bred on "Spit and Polish"—he was reared to
 "Stick and String"—

All the things the ultra-moderns never name ;
But a storm blew up to seaward, and it meant the Real
 Thing,
And he had to slip his cable when it came.

So he hied him up to London for to hang about Whitehall,
And he sat upon the steps there soon and late,
He importuned night and morning, he bombarded great
 and small,

From messengers to Ministers of State ;
He was like a guilty conscience, he was like a ghost unlaid,
He was like a debt of which you can't get rid,
Till the Powers That Be, despairing, in a fit of temper
 said,
 " For the Lord's sake give him something "—and they
 did.

They commissioned him a trawler with a high and raking
 bow,

Black and workmanlike as any pirate craft,
With a crew of steady seamen very handy in a row,
And a brace of little barkers fore and aft ;
And he blessed the Lord his Maker when he faced the
 North Sea sprays

And exceedingly extolled his lucky star
That had given his youth renewal in the evening of his
 days

(With the rank of Captain Dugout, R. N. R.).

He is jolly as a sandboy, he is happier than a king,
And his trawler is the darling of his heart
(With her cuddy like a cupboard where a kitten couldn't
swing,
And a smell of fish that simply won't depart);
He has found upon occasion sundry targets for his guns;
He could tell you tales of mine and submarine;
Oh, the holes he's in and out of and the glorious risks
he runs
Turn his son—who's in a Super-Dreadnought—green.

He is fit as any fiddle; he is hearty, hale and tanned;
He is proof against the coldest gales that blow;
He has never felt so lively since he got his first command
(Which is rather more than forty years ago);
And of all the joyful picnics of his wild and wandering
youth—
Little dust-ups from Taku to Zanzibar—
There was none to match the picnic, he declares in sober
sooth,
That he has as Captain Dugout, R. N. R.

C. FOX SMITH.

Punch.

THE WIND IN THE TREES

Wind! Wind! what do you bring
With the whirling flake and the flying cloud?
A victor's bays and a song to sing?
—Nay, but a hero's shroud!

Wild wind! what do you bear—
A song of the men who fought and fell,
A tale of the strong to do and dare?
—Aye, and a tolling bell!

Wind! wind! what do you see—
The flying flags and the soldiers brave,
The marching men, the bold and free?
—Nay, but a new-dug grave!

Wild wind! what do you moan
To the frosty night and the cloud-wracked sky?
—A soldier's cross, a father's groan,
And a mother's hopeless cry!

S. DONALD COX,
London Rifle Brigade.

The Poetry Review.

WAR

The serpent-horror writhing in her hair,
And crowning cruel brows bent o'er the ground
That she would crimson now from many a wound,
Medusa-like, I seem to see her there—
War! with her petrifying eyes astare—
And can no longer listen to the sound
Of song-birds in the harvest fields around;
Such prophecies do her mute lips declare.

Evils? Can any greater be than they
That troop licentious in her brutal train?
Unvindicated honor? She brings shame—
Shame more appalling than men dare to name,
Betraying them that die and them that slay,
And making of the earth a hell of pain!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

The Athenaeum.

ST. OUEN IN PICARDY

Gleams of English orchards dance
Through the sunny fields of France;
Flowers that blow at Nedonchel
Thrive in Gloucestershire as well;
Children sing to fleet the time
What they deem an English rhyme—
“Kiss me quick; après la guerre
Promenade en Angleterre.”

English hearts are gladdened when
Out of children's lips again
Comes the lilt of English song
When their absence has been long;
Children running through the street
Beating time with merry feet—
“Kiss me quick; après la guerre
Promenade en Angleterre.”

But to hear them as they sing
Brings a sudden questioning:
Here the children play and roam—
How's my little one at home?
In St. Ouen the simple strain
Takes the heart with hungry pain—
“Kiss me quick; après la guerre
Promenade en Angleterre.”

Punch.

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye
Who watch us stepping by,
With doubt and dolorous sigh!
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see—
Dalliers as they be!—
England's need are we;
Her distress would set us rueing:
Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
March we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

THOMAS HARDY.

The Times.

THE WIFE OF FLANDERS

Low and brown barns, thatched and repatched and
tattered,

Where I had seven sons until to-day—
A little hill of hay your spur has scattered. . . .
This is not Paris. You have lost your way.

You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,
Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,
Who, shaking and breaking barriers not a little,
Find never more the death-door of Sedan.

Must I for more than carnage call you claimant,
Pay you a penny for each son you slay?
Man, the whole globe in gold were no repayment
For what you have lost. And how shall I repay?

What is the price of that red spark that caught me
From a kind farm that never had a name?
What is the price of that dead man they brought me?
For other dead men do not look the same.

How should I pay for one poor graven steeple
Whereon you shattered what you shall not know? .
How should I pay you, miserable people?
How should I pay you everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you back your honor?
Though I forgave, would any man forget?
While all our great green earth has trampled on her,
The treason and terror of the night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in pardon,
One old wife bargains for a bean that's hers.
You have no word to break: no heart to harden.
Ride on and prosper. You have lost your spurs.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

The New Witness.

THE NAVAL RESERVE

From the undiscovered deep
Where the blessed lie at ease—
Since the ancient navies keep
Empire of the heavenly seas—
Back they come, the mighty dead,
Quick to serve where they have led.

Rushing on the homeward gale,
Swift they come, to seek their place
Where the gray flotillas sail,
Where the children of their race
Now against the foe maintain
All they gave their lives to gain.

Rank on rank, the admirals
Rally to their old commands:
Where the crash of battle falls,
There the one-armed hero stands.
Loud upon his phantom mast
Speak the signals of the past.

Where upon the friendly wave
Stand our squadrons as of old,
Where the lonely deed and brave
Shall the ancient torch uphold—
Strive for England, side by side,
Those who live and those who died.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

The New Weekly.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

When moonlight flecks the cruiser's decks
And engines rumble slow,
When Drake's own star is bright above
And Time has gone below,
They may hear who list the far-off sound
Of a long-dead never-dead mirth,
In the mid watch still they may hear who will
The song of the Larboard Berth.

*In a dandy frigate or a well-found brig,
In a sloop or a seventy-four,
In a great First-rate with an Admiral's flag,
And a hundred guns or more,
In a fair light air, in a dead foul wind,
At midnight or midday,
Till the good ship sink her mids shall drink
To the King and the King's Highway!*

The mids they hear—no fear, no fear!
They know their own ship's ghost:
Their young blood beats to the same old song
And roars to the same old toast.
So long as the sea-wind blows unbound
And the sea-wave breaks in spray,
For the Island's sons the word still runs
"The King, and the King's Highway!"

HENRY NEWBOLT.

LOUVAIN

(*To Dom Bruno Destrée, O.S.B.*)

It was the very heart of Peace that thrilled
In the deep minster bell's far-throbbing sound,
When over old roofs evening seemed to build
Security that this world never found.
Your cloister looked from Cæsar's rampart high
O'er the fair city. Clustered orchard trees
Married their dreaming murmur with the sky.
It was the haunt of lore and living peace.
And there we talked of youth's delightful years
In Italy, in England. Now, O friend,
I know not if I speak to living ears
Or if upon you too has come the end.
Peace is in Louvain; dead peace of spilt blood
Upon the mounded ashes where she stood.

Yet from that blood, those ashes, there arose
Not hoped-for terror cowering as it ran,
But divine anger flaming upon those
Defamers of the very name of man,
Abortions of their blind hyena-creed,
Who—for "protection" of their battle-host
Against the unarmed of those they had made to bleed,
Whose hearts they had tortured to the uttermost
Without a cause, past pardon—fired and tore
The towers of fame and beauty, while they shot
And butchered the defenceless at each door.
But History shall hang them high, to rot
Unburied, in the face of wrath unborn,
Mankind's abomination and last scorn.

LAURENCE BINYON.

The Spectator.

SERBIA TO THE HOHENZOLLERNS

(August, 1915)

I am she whose ramparts, ringed with Christian swords,
Bore the first huge batterings of the Paynim hordes.
Ground beneath their horse-hoofs, broken by their blows,
I was made a pavement for the feet of foes:
Mighty lords from Asia, proud above their peers,
Rode over my body for three hundred years:
Buried under armies, hopeless did I lie,
Hanging on to honor, sick for liberty;
Cried to Christ for justice, grasped a broken rood,
Saw each hope that flickered, stifled, drowned in blood;
Saw through torturing ages, dreadfully arrayed,
Antichrist, all armored, riding in Belgrade!

So the iron bit my soul; and that soul became
Iron, fit for warriors' use, tempered in the flame
By my sweat and anguish, out of my despair,
Step by step I won it back, the name that now I bear.
Upstarts! Can you teach me any wrong or woe,
Tyranny or torture that I do not know?
Bid your heathen armies glut all hell with crimes!
Loose your hounds of carnage! 'Twill be like old times.
Though your hand be heavy, though your head be high,
Othman's head was higher in the days gone by!
I, that died and am alive, call on God that He,
Who shall judge the quick and dead, judge 'twixt you
and me!

CECIL CHESTERTON.

The New Witness.

SKY SIGNS

*When all the guns are sponged and cleaned, and fuses
go to store,
When all the wireless stations cry—"Come home, you
ships of war"—
"Come home again and leave patrol, no matter where
you be."*

We'll see the lights of England shine,
Flashing again on the steaming line,
As out of the dark the long gray hulls come rolling in
from sea.

*The long-forgotten lights will shine, and gild the clouds
ahead,
Over the dark horizon-line, across the dreaming dead
That went to sea with the dark behind and the spin of
a coin before.*

Mark the gleam of Orfordness,
Showing a road we used to guess,
From the Shetland Isles to Dover Cliffs—the shaded
lane of war.

*Up the Channel with gleaming ports will homing
squadrons go,
And see the English coast alight with headlands all
aglow
With thirty thousand candle-power flung up from far
Gris-nez.*

Portland Bill and the Needles' Light,
Tompions back in the guns to-night—
For English lights are meeting French across the
Soldiers' Way.

*When we come back to England then, with all the
warring done,
And paint and polish come up the side to rule on tube
and gun,
We'll know before the anchor's down, the tidings won't
be new.*

Lizard along to the Isle of Wight,
Every lamp was burning bright,
Northern Lights or Trinity House—we had the news
from you!

KLAXON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

REPORTED MISSING

My thought shall never be that you are dead:
Who laughed so lately in this quiet place.
The dear and deep-eyed humor of that face
Held something ever living, in Death's stead.
Scornful I hear the flat things they have said
And all their piteous platitudes of pain.
I laugh! I laugh!—For you will come again—
This heart would never beat if you were dead.
The world's adrowse in twilight hushfulness,
There's purple lilac in your little room,
And somewhere out beyond the evening gloom
Small boys are calling summer watercress.
Of these familiar things I have no dread
Being so very sure you are not dead.

A. G. KEOWN.

The Poetry Review.

"THE SOUL OF A NATION"

(*March 28, 1918*)

The little things of which we lately chattered—
The dearth of taxis or the dawn of spring;
Themes we discussed as though they really mattered,
Like rationed meat or raiders on the wing;—

How thin it seems to-day, this vacant prattle,
Drowned by the thunder rolling in the West,
Voice of the great arbitrament of battle
That puts our temper to the final test.

Thither our eyes are turned, our hearts are straining,
Where those we love, whose courage laughs at fear,
Amid the storm of steel around them raining
Go to their death for all we hold most dear.

New-born of this supremest hour of trial,
In quiet confidence shall be our strength,
Fixed on a faith that will not take denial
Nor doubt that we have found our soul at length.

O England, staunch of nerve and strong of sinew,
Best when you face the odds and stand at bay,
Now show a watching world what stuff is in you;
Now make your soldiers proud of you to-day!

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.



“ . . . THAT HAVE NO DOUBTS ”
—Rudyard Kipling.

*The last resort of Kings are we, but the voice of peoples
too—*

Ask the guns of Valmy Ridge—
Lost at the Beresina Bridge,
When the Russian guns were roaring death and the
Guard was charging through.

Ultima Ratio Regis, we—but he who has may hold,
Se curantes Dei curant,
Hear the gunners that strain and pant,
As when before the rising gale the Great Armada rolled.

Guns of fifty—sixty tons that roared at Jutland fight,
Clatter and clang of hoisting shell;
See the flame where the salvo fell
Amidst the flash of German guns against the wall of
white.

The sons of English carronade or Spanish culverin—
The Danish windows shivered and broke
When over the sea the children spoke,
And groaning turrets rocked again as we went out and in.

*We have no passions to call our own, we work for serf
or lord,*
Load us well and sponge us clean—
Be your woman a slave or queen—
And we will clear the road for you who hold us by the
sword.

We come into our own again and wake to life anew—
Put your paper and pens away,
For the whole of the world is ours to-day,
And it's we who'll do the talking now to smooth the way
for you.

Howitzer gun or Seventy-five, the game is ours to play,
And hills may quiver and mountains shake,
But the line in front shall bend or break.
What is it to us if the world is mad? For we are the
Kings to-day.

KLAXON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

EPIPHANY VISION

(In the Ward)

This is the night of a Star.
Dusk grow window and wall;
A Cross unseen floats red o'er the wrack of war;
Silences fall
In the house where the wounded are.

"Good-night to all!"

Then I pause awhile by the open door, and see
Their patient faces, pale through the blue smoke-rings,
On the night of Epiphany. . . .
But who are these, who are changed utterly,
Wearing a look of Kings?

Brothers, whence do ye come?
Royal and still, what Star have ye looked upon?
—"From hill and valley, from many a city home
We came, we endured till the last of strength was gone,
Over the narrow sea.
But what of a Star? We have only fought for home
And babes on the mother's knee."
(Their silence saith.)

—Brothers, what do ye bring
To the Christ Whom Kings adored?—"We cannot tell.
We might have fashioned once some simple thing;
Once we were swift, who now are very slow;
We were skilled of hand, who bear the splint and the
sling.
We gave no thought to Pain, in the year ago,
Who since have passed through Hell.
But what should we bring Him now—we, derelicts nigh
past mending?"

(Frankincense, myrrh and gold;
Winds His choristers, worlds about His knee. . . .
Hath He room at all in His awful Treasury
For the gifts our Kings unfold
That can ne'er be told?)

This is the night of a Star.
This is the long road's ending.
They are sleeping now; they have brought their warrior
 best
To the Lord their God Who made them;
And lo! He hath repaid them
With rest.—
This is the night of a Star.
The laugh that rings through torment, the ready jest,
Valor and youth, lost hope, and a myriad dreams
Splendidly given—
He hath taken up to the inmost heart of Heaven.
And now—while the night grows cold, and the ward-fire
 gleams—
You may guess the tender Smile as He walketh hidden
In the place where His Wise Ones are.

MARY ADAIR-MACDONALD.

The Spectator.

THE SONG OF THE BOMBARD

*Our fathers rode to battle,
Our fathers did prevail,
With breastplate, greave and solleret,
With hauberk and camail.
They broke a lance with the Knights of France,
And flashed a five-foot blade,
All in the days of chivalry,
Before the guns were made.*

Close in his flaming smithy
A strong churl stooped and wrought,
Hewed, hammered, pared and measured
A wizard's life of thought. . . .
Our fathers laughed, "Is the varlet daft,
That he deems a knightly crest
Shall quake when he vomits smoke and noise?"
And the bombard heard them jest.

Deep in his throat he answered
(His voice was passing strong) :
"Squire, Baron, Earl and Princeling,
Ye shall feel my stroke ere long!
Never a Knight in his mail so bright
But the bolts I cast can slay";
The Knights charged home as the bombard spoke;
And where are the Knights to-day?

List to the song of the bombard
(His voice is passing clear) :
"Here in the ranks of England!
The Red Cross Knights are here!
While still they call on the Lord of all
And die for a Knightly King,
In the souls of English gentlemen
The old white spark shall spring!"

*Our fathers rode to battle,
Our fathers did prevail,
With breastplate, greave and solleret,
With hauberk and camail.
They broke a lance with the Knights of France,
And flashed a five-foot blade,
All in the days of chivalry,
Before the guns were made.*

Punch.

PRAYER BEFORE WAR

(August, 1914)

Lord God, ere yet our drums are rolled,
Kneeling before Thine awful throne,
We pray that us-ward as of old
Thy favoring mercies may be shown—
We who too often filled with pride
Have in our hearts Thy power denied
And trusted to ourselves alone.

Thou hast been gracious unto us,
And stood as guardian at our gate;
Steadied us on the perilous
High path of our imperial fate;
Yet when have we, our faults in view,
With fear searched out and striven to do
The work for which Thou mad'st us great?

Have we not, rather, turned aside
Well knowing the right to do the wrong?
How hast Thou, tolerant of our pride,
Borne with our rebel hearts so long,
And spared us who, as crowning sin,
Have deemed that strength our own wherein
Our feet were firm, our hands were strong?

Rich altars have we raised to Thee
And fruits and fatlings on them laid,
Well satisfied that men should see
And marvel at our vain parade;
But that one only sacrifice
Which Thou, O God! wilt not despise—
A contrite heart—we have not made.

And now when war confounds the world
On Thy strong arm we fain would lean:
Our flags ere this have been unfurled
To ends that Thou hast sorrowing seen:
Remember not that we of old
Too oft unblessed by Thee were bold,
For, see, to-day our hands are clean.

Wherefore Thy help and strength we seek
In this fierce quarrel upon us thrust,
For, save Thou stand beside us, weak
Are we although our cause is just:
Thou know'st how hard for peace we strove,
That without wrath e'en now we move
And do but fight because we must.

Nor less, because aroused by wrong
And cries of far distress we go
In the great name of Freedom strong
To grapple with a ruthless foe,
Thy guidance we beseech, for Thou,
To whom in armor girt we bow,
Alone to what we march dost know.

The day of trial is come—the day
So long foreseen, so fraught with fate;
With troubled hearts once more we pray
(Remembering Thee, ah, not too late!)
That Thou for all our faults of will,
Our pride, our greed, wilt hold us still
To Thy great purpose dedicate.

W. G. HOLE.

The Dublin Review.

FOR THE RED CROSS

Ye that have gentle hearts and fain
To succor men in need,
There is no voice could ask in vain
With such a cause to plead—
The cause of those that in your care,
Who know the debt to honor due,
Confide the wounds they proudly wear,
The wounds they took for you.

Out of the shock of shattering spears,
Of screaming shell and shard,
Snatched from the smoke that blinds and sears,
They come with bodies scarred,
And count the hours that idly toll,
Restless until their hurts be healed,
And they may fare, made strong and whole,
To face another field.

And yonder where the battle's waves
Broke yesterday o'erhead,
Where now the swift and shallow graves
Cover our English dead,
Think how your sisters play their part,
Who serve as in a holy shrine,
Tender of hand and brave of heart,
Under the Red Cross sign.

Ah, by that symbol, worshipped still,
Of life-blood sacrificed,
That lonely Cross on Calvary's hill
Red with the wounds of Christ;
By that free gift to none denied,
Let Pity pierce you like a sword,
And Love go out to open wide
The gate of life restored.

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.

A LAMENT FROM THE DEAD

Peace! Vex us not: we are Dead,
 We are the Dead for England slain.
 (O England and the English Spring,
 The English Spring, the Spring-tide rain:
 Ah, God, dear God, in England now!)
 Peace! Vex us not: we are the Dead;
 The snows of Death are on our brow:
 Peace! Vex us not!

Brothers, the footfalls of the year
 (The Maiden month's in England now!)
 I feel them pass above my head:
 Alas, they echo on my heart!
 (Ah, God, dear God, but England now!)
 Peace! Vex me not, for I am Dead;
 The snows of Death are on my brow:
 Peace! Vex me not!

Brothers, and I—I taste again,
 Again I taste the Wine of Spring.
 (O Wine of Spring and Bread of Love,
 O lips that kiss and mouths that sing:
 O Love and Spring in England now!)
 Peace! Vex me not, but pass above:
 Sweet English Love, fleet English Spring—
 Pass! Vex me not!

Brothers, my brothers, I pray you—hark!
 I hear a song upon the wing,
 Upon the silver wing of morn:
 It is—dear God! it is the lark—
 It is the lark above the corn,
 The fledgling corn of England's Spring!
 Ah! pity thou my wearied heart:
 Cease! Vex me not!

* * * *

Brothers, I beg you be at rest
Be quite at rest for England's sake:
The flowerful hours in England now
Sing low your sleep to English ears:
And would ye have your sorrows wake
The Mother's heart to further tears?
Nay! be at peace, her loyal dead
Sleep! Vex her not!

W. E. K.

The Poetry Review.

SEDAN

I, from a window where the Meuse is wide,
Looked Eastward, out to the September night.
The men that in the hopeless battle died
Rose and re-formed and marshalled for the fight.
A brumal army vague and ordered large
For mile on mile by one pale General,
I saw them lean by companies to the charge;
But no man living heard the bugle call.

And fading still, and pointing to their scars,
They rose in lessening cloud where, gray and high,
Dawn lay along the Heaven in misty bars.
But, gazing from that Eastern casement, I
Saw the Republic splendid in the sky,
And round her terrible head the morning stars.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

The New Witness.

ABI, VIATOR —

If thou hast seen the standard dim
Droop in its mesh of dust and grime
Above the carven hands of him
Who bore it in some ancient time;
If thou hast seen the silent sword
Rust redly in its tattered sheath,
Hast caught the echo of the word
That flung an English glove at death,
And yet thy pulses march unstirred,
And still thy breath comes calm and slow,
Pass on—no Englishman art thou!

If thou canst hear and see to-day
The distant clamor and the fume
Of crimson fate, and yet canst say
"The gain is mine, be theirs the doom."
If thou thy unthrilled hands canst fold,
If thou canst check thy seaward tread,
Canst shun the dust and guard the gold,
Thou hast no kinship with thy dead;
Ah, if thy craven heart is cold,
Pause not the perilous page to scan—
Pass on—thou art no Englishman!

But if the distant unison
Of swooping sword and flying dart,
Of straining sail and muttering gun,
Touches thy spirit and thy heart;
If England's day and England's call
Find thee a son of England, then
Thou canst not falter—thou, nor all
Her noble heritage of men;
Pass on—she stands, although we fall,
Pass on unshaken though stars shake—
Thyself canst tell what road to take!

The British Review.

TWENTY-TWO

Twenty-two
At the end of the week, if he'd seen it through.
We left his grave in the curé's hands;
I met him as I was coming away—
A white-haired man in cassock and bands—
And I showed him where it lay.

“Twenty-two—
Yet he's older than you or me, M'sieu,
And the riddle of time for him is read.
Yes, I will see the grave kept trim,
And after the prayers for our own are said
I will add a prayer for him.”

Twenty-two—
Some one will bitterly weep for you;
Yet she'll lift her head with a wonderful pride:
“He was my son, and his life he gave.
Shall I grudge such a gift, tho' my heart has
died?
He was brave: I must be brave.”

Twenty-two—
Ah! for the dreams that can never come true:
All that the world should have had in store!
He had will to die though he loved to live.
We must be ready to follow—the more
That we've many less years to give.

Punch.

THE VOICE OF RACHEL WEEPING

(Belgium, 1914)

Beloved, little beloved, where shall I find you?

Not at the ends of the earth, in the depths of the sea,
On the winds, in the stars, in the desolate spaces of
heaven.

Yesterday mine, to-day you have ceased to be!

The kings of the earth and the rulers take counsel together,

But your voice and your eyes that looked love to my
eyes are gone.

Fire and rapine and sword are flaming around me,

They have ravished my child from my life, and my
life goes on.

Beloved, little beloved, where shall I find you?

I gave you your shape and your smile and your innocent
breath,

And the travail of birth that I knew was as naught to
the rending

Of my body and spirit and soul in this travail of death.

All religions forsake, and philosophies fail me,

Dark as the primal mother I stand alone.

One wild question cries in my night and the answer

Comes not—His sky is silent, His earth a stone.

God of our fathers—speak, reveal, enlighten!

Lo, with despair my soul grows wan and wild!

Yet, O God, hear me not, heed me not, count me as
nothing—

Only let it be well with her, my child!

BEATRICE CREGAN.

The Saturday Review.

TO THE MEN WHO HAVE DIED FOR ENGLAND

All ye who fought since England was a name,
Because Her soil was holy in your eyes;
Who heard Her summons and confessed Her claim,
Who flung against a world's time-hallow'd lies
The truth of English freedom—fain to give
Those last lone moments, careless of your pain,
Knowing that only so must England live
—And win, by sacrifice, the right to reign—
Be glad, that still the spur of your bequest
Urges your heirs their threefold way along—
The way of Toil that craveth not for rest,
Clear Honor, and stark Will to punish wrong!
The seed ye sow'd God quicken'd with His Breath;
The crop hath ripen'd—lo, there is no death!

Punch.

IN WAR TIME

Now strikes the hour upon the clock,
The black sheep may rebuild the years;
May lift the father's pride he broke,
And wipe away his mother's tears.

To him, the mark for thrifty scorn,
God hath another chance to give,
Sets in his heart a flame new-born
By which his muddled soul may live.

This is the day of the prodigal,
The decent people's shame and grief;
When he shall make amends for all,
The way to glory's bloody and brief.

Clean from his baptism of blood,
New from the fire he springs again,
In shining armor, bright and good,
Beyond the wise home-keeping men.

Somewhere to-night—no tears be shed!
With shaking hands they turn the sheet,
To find his name among the dead,
Flower of the Army and the Fleet.

They tell with proud and stricken face
Of his white boyhood far away—
Who talked of trouble or disgrace?
“Our splendid son is dead!” they say.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The British Review.

THE CLERK

Perched upon an office stool, neatly adding figures,
With cuffs gone shiny and a pen behind his ear;
Deep in Liabilities, Goods and Double Entry,
So he worked from year to year.

Diligent and careful, hedged about with figures,
Given soul and body to discount and per cent;
Bounded by the columns of Purchase Book and Journal,
Soberly his moments went.

Now his pen has ceased from adding rows of figures,
Ceased from ruling ledgers and entering amounts:
Clad in sodden khaki, with a gun in Flanders
He is balancing accounts.

B. H. M. HETHERINGTON.

The Bookman.

OUR FIGHTING MEN

The war is like the Judgment Day—
All sham, all pretext torn away;
And swift the searching hours reveal
Hearts good as gold, souls true as steel.
Blest saints and martyrs in disguise,
Concealed ere-while from holden eyes.

And now we feel that all around
Have angels walked the well-known ground;
Not winged and strange beyond our ken,
But in the form of common men.
God's messengers from Heaven's own sphere—
Unrecognized because so near.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

The Spectator.

UNMENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

"The horse and the mule which have no understanding."

The lowliest combatants are we;
We come not hither of our will,
But torn from out our homes afar
To tread these fields all waste with war
Where beast and rider both they kill.

The call to strife *we* never heard,
Our dull ears miss it even yet;
We know not why men fight or die,
Gain laurel crowns or turn and fly,
What task can be before them set.

In days of peace we envied dogs
Who seemed to live more near to men;
Lay on their beds, and ate their food,
And looked as if they understood
Their master's words, his gun, and pen.

But now the dogs are left behind,
They come not to this dreadful place;
Companions of man's home and play,
Not of his awful judgment day,
His supreme glory or disgrace.

* * * * *

The humble horse, who sweats like man
And knows the soldier's drudgery,
Alone of all the four-foot kind
Must share man's woe with equal mind,
His courage, and his victory.

Hunger and thirst, fatigue and pain,
The horse bears all and says no word;
He flinches not at cannon's roar,
At smoke and fire, din and gore,
Nor at the flash of naked sword.

The battle joined, high swells his crest,
His nostril quivers, winged his form,
Like ocean's billow rolls his mane,
Thunder his hoofs, his eye is flame,
His onset dire as the storm.

O noble fate! Of beasts elect
Co-worker with your king and god—
Bear hardness, toil, disease, and strain!
Bear stripes and wounds, all loss, no gain!
And meekly bow beneath your rod.

Your grave awaits you; far from home
Awful and tragic and forgot;
But man shall reap where you have sown
And you have fallen to win his crown,
You've died for him; and when you rise
In some remoter Paradise
He'll meet you and disown you not.

HELEN HESTER COLVILL.

The Poetry Review.

V. A. D.

There's an angel in our ward as keeps a-flittin' to and fro
With fifty eyes upon 'er wherever she may go;
She's as pretty as a picture and as bright as mercury,
And she wears the cap and apron of a V. A. D.

The Matron she is gracious and the Sister she is kind,
But they wasn't born just yesterday and lets you know
their mind;
The M. O. and the Padre is as thoughtful as can be,
But they ain't so good to look at as our V. A. D.

She's a honorable miss because 'er father is a dook,
But, Lord, you'd never guess it and it ain't no good to
look
For 'er portrait in the illustrated papers, for you see
She ain't an advertiser, not *our* V. A. D.

Not like them that wash a teacup in an orficer's canteen
And then "Engaged in War Work" in the weekly Press
is seen;
She's on the trot from morn to night and busy as a bee,
And there's 'eaps of wounded Tommies bless that V. A. D.

She's the lightest 'and at dressin's and she polishes the
floor,
She feeds Bill Smith who'll never never use 'is 'ands
no more;
And we're all of us supporters of the harristocracy
'Cos our weary days are lightened by that V. A. D.

And when the War is over, some knight or belted earl,
What's survived from killin' Germans, will take 'er for
 'is girl;
They'll go and see the pictures and then 'ave shrimps
 and tea;
'E's a lucky man as gets 'er—and don't I wish 'twas me!

Punch.

"REAL PRESENCE"

Not on an Altar shall mine eyes behold Thee,
Tho' Thou art sacrifice, Thou too art Priest;
Bend, that the feeble arms of Love enfold Thee,
So Faith shall bloom, increased.

Not on a Cross, with passion buds around Thee,
Thorn-crowned and lonely, in Thy suffering;
Nay, but as watching Mary met and found Thee,
Dawn-robed, the Risen King.

Not in the past, but in the present glorious,
Not in the future, that I cannot span,
Living and breathing, over death victorious,
My God . . . my Brother-Man.

IVAN ADAIR.

The Poetry Review.

BOAT-RACE DAY, 1915

No sweated men in scanty shorts
This morning brings upon the slip;
To-day no anxious cox exhorts
Care for that frail and shining ship;
The gray stream runs; the March winds blow;
These things were long and long ago.

Now at the need of this dear land
All that is theirs is Hers to take:
Unfaltering service—heart and hand
Wont to give all for honor's sake;
They builded better than they knew
Who "kept it long" and "pulled it through."

Not here their hour of great emprise;
No mounting cheer toward Mortlake roars;
Lulled to full tide the river lies
Unfretted by the fighting oars;
The long high toil of strenuous play
Serves England elsewhere well to-day.

Punch.

ATTILA

Swift the flaming wings of death
Beat against the laboring breath,
Blazing hearth and anguished cry
Smite against the tranquil sky,
As the legions thunder by.
For the ruthless, tragic beat
Of those fierce, relentless feet,
Broken faith, and tarnished sword,
Judgment, and not mercy, Lord!

While upon the fields of red,
Sleep the unremembered dead,
While the homeless, in the glare
Of the ruins burnt and bare,
Face a hell of black despair,
For those silent heaps that lie
Witness to a silent sky,
Shattered homes, dishonored sword,
Judgment, and not mercy, Lord!

But when stands the naked soul,
Shamed and broken, at the goal,
When the tragic eyes can see,
Through that cloud of infamy,
Nothing but itself—and Thee,
Love invincible shall plead,
Hopeless anguish, deepest need.
Pity sheathe the flaming sword,
Mercy, and not judgment, Lord.

G. R. GLASGOW.

Chambers's Journal.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH

*(A mountain village on the French Riviera,
December, 1915)*

Under the flag o' France for which he died
This child of hers we lay,
In the small church upon the mountain-side
Where once he used to pray
With her who all alone is weeping here to-day.

The blue, blue skies
Keep watch above the village where he lies,
But never more will gaze into his eyes;
And in his ears there ne'er again will be
The crooning song that sings eternally
The blue, blue sea.

* * * * *

O Mother France,
Thou of the steadfast glance
And grave sweet mouth!
Of all thy sons who gave their all for thee,
Hath any given a greater gift than he
Who for thy sake
His birthright did forsake
In this all-radiant country of the South?

As one who goes out from the warmth and light
To breast the bitter night,
He left the orange groves, the olive trees
That turn to silver in the scented breeze;
He left his darling there,
A red carnation in her twilight hair;
Left love and song and sunshine—and went forth
To fight thy battle in the snow-swept North.

Mother, tho' thy brave eyes with tears be dim,
Shed one more tear for him,
And let the memory in thy heart abide
Of him whom on this day
Within his little mountain-church we lay
Under thy flag, O France, for which he died.

GEORGE GREENLAND.

The Athenaeum.

MERCHANTMEN

All honor be to merchantmen,
And ships of all degree,
In warlike dangers manifold,
Who sail and keep the sea,
In peril of unlitten coast
And death-besprinkled foam,
Who daily dare a hundred deaths
To bring their cargoes home.

A liner out of Liverpool—a tanker from the Clyde—
A hard-run tramp from anywhere—a tug from Mersey-
side—
A cattle-boat from Birkenhead—a coaler from the Tyne—
All honor be to merchantmen while any star shall shine!

All honor be to merchantmen,
And ships both great and small,
The swift and strong to run their race
And smite their foes withal;
The little ships that sink or swim,
And pay the pirates' toll,
Unarmored save by valiant hearts,
And strong in naught but soul.

All honor be to merchantmen,
As long as tides shall run,
Who gave the seas their glorious dead
From rise to set of sun;
All honor be to merchantmen
While England's name shall stand,
Who sailed and fought, and dared and died,
And served and saved their land.

A sailing ship from Liverpool—a tanker from the Clyde—
A schooner from the West Countrie—a tug from Mersey-
side—

A fishing smack from Grimsby town—a coaler from the
Tyne—

All honor be to merchantmen while sun and moon shall
shine!

C. FOX SMITH.

The London Chronicle.

DEATH AND THE FLOWERS

Now is Death only plucking flowers; he leaves
The garnered grain and sunset colored fruit.
Neither to bending bough, nor mellow root
Nor threshing of the amber harvest sheaves
He comes; but where in joyous youth serene
The sunny blossoms laugh and fear no sickle keen.

Perchance he wearies of his ancient ways
The hoards of treasure ripe and over ripe,
The stale, familiar gleanings, true to type—
Seedtime and sere and climacteric days;
For now the dusky halls of Hades gleam
With precious flower-light and broken hope and dream.

Gone; all their promise gone, for nevermore
Shall sun and rain rejoice to do them good,
Or glad earth labor to create their food.
Naked their places, and where, heretofore,
The shining blossoms sprang, that now are sped,
Only remain the stocks who built and nourished.

The reaper reaps, of ruth all innocent.
The sparkle and the splendor and the glow
Sink into nothingness beneath his blow,
Where the swathe falls and withers and is spent.
Yet, sweeter than all fruit the days fulfill,
Fragrance of flowers shall haunt our empty gardens still.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE VETERAN

Where are my comrades who joined in the first of the
fighting?

Where are they now in the smoke of the conflict con-
cealed?

Their rifles are dumb, and the silence is grim and affright-
ing;

Night is at hand—and I am alone in the field.

Some have gone home to rest for a while from their
labors,

And some have gone home to a rest that Earth never
has known;

But none flinched or failed in their trust to keep faith
with their neighbors—

God grant me their strength to keep faith in the dark-
ness—alone!

The Bookman.

WHERE THE FOUR WINDS MEET

There are songs of the north and songs of the south,
And songs of the east and west;
But songs of the place where the four winds meet
Are the ones that we love the best.

"And where do the four winds meet?" you ask.
The answer is ready at hand—
"Wherever our dear ones chance to be
By air, or by sea, or land."

So the sailor, keeping his midnight watch
'Mid icicles, snow, and sleet,
Can think of a village near Portsmouth town
As the place where the four winds meet.

And mother, perhaps, and sweetheart true
Pray hard for the North Sea Fleet,
And harder still for the boy who's gone
To his place, where the four winds meet.

And the man on guard at the "firing-step,"
'Mid star-shells shimmering down,
Can think of his home—where the four winds meet
In some sheltered English town.

And thoughts may fly to the distant trench,
Whatever its name or "street,"
For "Somewhere in France," seems far less vague
If we add, "where the four winds meet."

And the pilot steers thro' the trackless waste
While the engines throb and beat,
Flouting surprise, with the Army's eyes
High up where the four winds meet.

And to those who mourn comes a cheering cry,
Which the angels in heaven repeat,
"Grieve not, brave hearts; we await you *here*—
Here, where the four winds meet."

There are songs of the north and songs of the south,
The east and the west complete;
But here is a song of the place we love,
Which is called, "Where the four winds meet."

GEOFFREY DALRYMPLE NASH.

Chambers's Journal.

SALONIKA IN NOVEMBER

Up above the gray hills the wheeling birds are calling,
Round about the cold gray hills in never-resting flight;
Far along the marshes a drifting mist is falling,
Scattered tents and sandy plain melt into the night.

Round about the gray hills rumbles distant thunder,
Echoes of the mighty guns firing night and day,—
Gray guns, long guns, that smite the hills asunder,
Grumbling and rumbling, and telling of the fray.

Out among the islands twinkling lights are glowing,
Distant little fairy lights, that gleam upon the bay;
All along the broken road gray transport wagons going
Up to where the long gray guns roar and crash away.

Up above the cold gray hills the wheel-birds are crying,
Brother calls to brother, as they pass in restless flight.
Lost souls, dead souls, voices of the dying,
Circle o'er the hills of Greece and wail into the night.

BRIAN HILL.

The Poetry Review.

EUTHANASY

Prince Azrael, wan Azrael,
The ghastly Cavalier,
To view this battle-field of earth
On his pale horse drew near.
Ah! never since our world had birth
More terrible his spear!

Amid the dying and the dead
His path has always lain;
Then wherefore doth he veil his head
Before these newly slain?
It cannot be that Angel dread
Is touched by human pain!

"Naught ever saw I like to this,"
The bloodless horseman cried,
"No hero death-bed like to this
In all my age-long ride;
Oh! never men so died, I wis,
Since men have lived and died.

"All shrank from me, all fled from me,
Save wretches in despair;
I followed with a hunter's glee
Or slew them unaware;
But these! They smile and run to me,
As though my face were fair."

He turned him to a new-born ghost,
"What miracle is here,
That I, whom men have feared the most,
From thee should have no fear?
For youth was thine, and well thou know'st
How life in youth is dear."

"Yea! dear was life, thou bitter king,"
The proud glad ghost replied,
"We perished in our morn of spring,
Youth's garland cast aside;
But there was yet a dearer thing,
'Twas that for which we died."

R. H. LAW.

The Spectator.

THE DEAD

The dead are with us everywhere,
By night and day ;
No street we tread but they have wandered there
Who now lie still beneath the grass
Of some shell-scarred and distant plain,
Beyond the fear of death, beyond all pain.
And in the silence you can hear their noiseless footsteps
pass—
The dead are with us always, night and day.

Where once the sound of mirth would rouse
The sleeping town,
The laughter has died out from house to house ;
And where through open windows late
At night would float delightful song,
And glad-souled music from the light-heart revel-throng,
In quadrangle and street the windows darkly wait
For those who cannot wake the sleeping town.

This city once a bride to all
Who entered here,
A lover magical who had in thrall
The souls of those who once might know
Her kiss upon their lips and brow—
A golden, laughter-hearted lover then, but now
A mother gray, who sees Death darken as they go,
Son after son of those who entered there.

Yet sometimes at the dead of night
I see them come—
The darkness is suffused with a great light
From that radiant, countless host :

No face but is triumphant there,
A flaming crown of youth imperishable they wear.
A thousand years that passed have gained what we to-day
 have lost,
The splendor of their sacrifice for years to come.

A. E. MURRAY.

The Nation.

THE CALL OF ENGLAND

[Every lover of England is bound to give what he can spare—and something more—for the help of those who may suffer distress through the War. Gifts to the National Relief Fund should be addressed to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, at Buckingham Palace.]

Come, all ye who love her well,
Ye whose hopes are one with hers,
One with hers the hearts that swell
When the pulse of memory stirs;
She from whom your life ye take
Claims you; how can you forget?
Come, your honor stands at stake!
Pay your debt!

By her sons that hold the deep,
Nerves at strain and sinews tense,
Sleepless-eyed that ye may sleep
Girdled in a fast defence;—
By her sons that face the fire
Where the battle-lines are set—
Give your country her desire!
Pay your debt!

He, that, leaving child and wife
In our keeping, unafraid,
Goes to dare the deadly strife,
Shall he see his trust betrayed?
Shall he come again and find
Hollow cheeks and eyelids wet?
Guard them as your kith and kind!
Pay your debt!

Sirs, we should be shamed indeed
If the bitter cry for bread,
Children's cries in cruel need,
Rose and fell uncomforted!
Ah, but since the patriot glow
Burns in English bosoms yet,
Twice and thrice ye will, I know,
Pay your debt!

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.

QUEENSLANDERS

Lean brown lords of the Brisbane beaches,
Lithe-limbed kings of the Culgoa bends,
Princes that ride where the Roper reaches,
Captains that camp where the gray Gulf ends—
Never such goodly men together
Marched since the kingdoms first made war;
Nothing so proud as the Emu Feather
Waved in an English wind before!

Ardor and faith of those keen brown faces!
Challenge and strength of those big brown hands!
Eyes that have flashed upon wide-flung spaces!
Chins that have conquered in fierce far lands!—
Flood could not daunt them, Drought could not break
them;
Deep in their hearts is their sun's own fire;
Blood of thine own blood, England, take them!
These are the swords of thy soul's desire!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

The Spectator.

MISSING

"He was last seen going over the parapet into the German trenches."

What did you find after war's fierce alarms,
When the kind earth gave you a resting place,
And comforting night gathered you in her arms,
With light dew falling on your upturned face?

Did your heart beat, remembering what had been?
Did you still hear around you, as you lay,
The wings of airmen sweeping by unseen,
The thunder of the guns at close of day?

All nature stoops to guard your lonely bed;
Sunshine and rain fall with their calming breath;
You need no pall, so young and newly dead,
Where the Lost Legion triumphs over death.

When with the morrow's dawn the bugle blew,
For the first time it summoned you in vain;
The Last Post does not sound for such as you;
But God's Reveillé wakens you again.

Punch.

TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL
ROBERTS,

OF KANDAHAR AND PRETORIA

*(Born, 1832. Died, on Service at the Front, Nov. 14th,
1914)*

He died, as soldiers die, amid the strife,
Mindful of England in his latest prayer;
God, of His love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,
But, as of old, among his own he went,
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,
A courage still unspent.

So was his end; and, in that hour, across
The face of War a wind of silence blew,
And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss
Of a great heart and true.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay
For sign of worship on his warrior-bier?
What homage, could his lips but speak to-day,
Would he have held most dear?

Not grief, as for a life untimely left;
Not vain regret for counsel given in vain;
Not pride of that high record he has left,
Peerless and pure of stain;

But service of our lives to keep her free,
The land he served; a pledge above his grave
To give her even such a gift as he,
The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets swell
His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand mute,
And through the mist the guns he loved so well
Thunder a last salute!

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.

GIFTS OF THE DEAD

Ye who in Sorrow's tents abide,
Mourning your dead with hidden tears,
Bethink ye what a wealth of pride
They've won you for the coming years.

Grievous the pain ; but, in the day
When all the cost is counted o'er,
Would it be best that ye should say :
" We lost no loved ones in the war " ?

Who knows? But proud then shall ye stand
That best, most honored boast to make :
" My lover died for his dear land,"
Or, " My son fell for England's sake."

Christlike they died that we might live ;
And our redeemed lives would we bring,
With aught that gratitude may give
To serve you in your sorrowing.

And never a pathway shall ye tread,
No foot of seashore, hill, or lea,
But ye may think : " The dead, *my* dead,
Gave this, a sacred gift, to me."

HABBERTON LULHAM.

The Spectator.

AFTER-DAYS

When the last gun has long withheld
Its thunder, and its mouth is sealed,
Strong men shall drive the furrow straight
On some remembered battle-field.

Untroubled they shall hear the loud
And gusty driving of the rains,
And birds with immemorial voice
Sing as of old in leafy lanes.

The stricken, tainted soil shall be
Again a flowery paradise—
Pure with the memory of the dead
And purer for their sacrifice.

ERIC CHILMAN.

The Poetry Review.

IN WAR

Oh, Christ, Whose word in Galilee
Drew silence o'er an angry sea
And turned the tempest's rage aside
Till every wave was pacified,
Now hear again the anguished cry,
"Have pity, Master, lest we die."

Oh, Christ, Who in compassion wept
Because a brother lay and slept,
And yet who opened Death's dark door
And set it thus, for evermore,
Again with many mourners weep,
For those beloved who lie and sleep.

Oh, Christ, Whose word abideth yet,
Forgive us, if our hearts forget
That life and death and sea and land
Are held within Thy saving Hand
And that the storm of human will
Must die before Thy "Peace! be still."

IVAN ADAIR.

The Bookman.

THE CALL

Hark! 'Tis the rush of the horses,
The crash of the galloping gun!
The stars are out of their courses;
The hour of Doom has begun.
Leap from thy scabbard, O sword!
This is the Day of the Lord!

Prate not of peace any longer,
Laughter and idlesse and ease!
Up, every man that is stronger!
Leave but the priest on his knees!
Quick, every hand to the hilt!
Who striketh not—his the guilt!

Call not each man on his brother!
Cry not to Heaven to save!
Thou art the man—not another—
Thou, to off glove and out glaive!
Fight ye who ne'er fought before!
Fight ye old fighters the more!

Oh, but the thrill and the splendor,
The sudden new knowledge—I can!
To fawn on no hireling defender,
But fight one's own fight as a man!
On woman's love won we set store;
To win one's own manhood is more.

Who hath a soul that will glow not,
Set face to face with the foe?
"Is life worth living?"—I know not:
Death is worth dying, I know.
Aye, I would gamble with Hell,
And—losing such stakes—say, 'Tis well!

F. W. BOURDILLON.

The Spectator.

A SOLDIER'S LITANY

When the foemen's hosts draw nigh,
When the standards wave on high,
When the brazen trumpets call,
Some to triumph, some to fall,
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
Liberá nos Domine!

When the opposing squadrons meet,
When the bullets fall like sleet,
When the vanguards forward dash,
When the flames of cannon flash,
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
Liberá nos Domine!

When mingled in the awful rout,
Vanquished's cries and Victor's shout,
Horses' screams and wounded's groan,
Dying, comfortless, alone,
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
Liberá nos Domine!

And when night's shadows round us close,
God of Battles, succor those,
Those, whose hearts shall ever burn
For loved ones, never to return,
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
Liberá nos Domine!
(Save us, Lord).

RICHARD RALEIGH,
2d Lieut., O. and B. L. I., France.

The Poetry Review.

THE MEN WHO MAN

The men who man our batteries,
The men who serve our guns,
They need not honeyed flatteries,
For they are Britain's sons!
They go, when Duty speeds them,
Wherever bullets fly;
Wherever England needs them,
When Duty bids, they die.

The men who man our strongholds,
Or march to yonder field
Where Valor against Wrong holds
A realm that scorns to yield,
From Chiltern Hills or Grampians
May pour their living tide,
But all are England's champions
And all are England's pride.

And lo! how the abhorrence
Of sceptred crime can join
The Thames and the St. Lawrence,
The Liffey and the Boyne.
For England need but ask aid
Where'er her branches grow,
And like a leaping cascade
It thunders on the foe.

Our cheery sailors, lapt in
The maiden sea's light sleep,
From commodore and captain
To all who man the deep,
They hear around their bed nought
But echoes of their fame,
And well they man the Dreadnought
Who dread not aught but shame.

And whether calmly harbored,
Or when the rocking State
Lurches to port and starboard,
They sail the seas of Fate;
With everlasting laughter
They luff to wind and rain,
Aforetime and hereafter
The men who man the main.

The men who man Great Britain,
And fight for royal George,
On battle's anvil smitten
Leap mightier from the forge:
Like oaks in Orkney's rough spring
They flourish torn and blown,
For all are Honor's offspring
And all are England's own.

The men who man this nation,
And sow her fame abroad,
They ask not acclamation,
They need not England's laud;
And when too late it finds them,
And falls on lifeless ears,
Where yon red tempest blinds them
They need but England's tears.

Yet, while the storm grows vaster
Around them and above,
In triumph or disaster
They shall not lack our love—
They who to Glory's fanning
This streamer have unfurled,
The men whose joy is manning,
The men who man the world!

WILLIAM WATSON.

The Saturday Review.

THE SEARCH-LIGHTS

Political morality differs from individual morality, because there is no power above the State.—General Von Bernhardi.

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight,
The lean black cruisers search the sea.
Night-long their level shafts of light
Revolve and find no enemy.
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning and their grave.

And, in the land they guard so well,
Is there no silent watch to keep?
An age is dying; and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep;
But over all its waves once more
The search-lights move from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled
Arise and call us, and we come:
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry,
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul,
The sloth, the intellectual pride,
The trivial jest that veils the goal
For which our fathers lived and died;
The lawless dreams, the cynic art,
That rend thy nobler self apart.

Not far, not far into the night
These level swords of light can pierce:
Yet for her faith does England fight,
Her faith in this our universe,
Believing Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting law.

Therefore a Power above the State,
The unconquerable Power, returns.
The fire, the fire that made her great,
Once more upon her altar burns.
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

ALFRED NOYES.

The Times.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GREAT-HEART?

*Where are you going, Great-Heart,
With your eager face and your fiery grace?—
Where are you going, Great-Heart?*

*“To fight a fight with all my might,
For Truth and Justice, God and Right,
To grace all Life with His fair Light.”
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!*

*Where are you going, Great-Heart?
“To beard the Devil in his den;
To smite him with the strength of ten;
To set at large the souls of men.”
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!*

*Where are you going, Great-Heart?
“To end the rule of knavery;
To break the yoke of slavery;
To give the world delivery.”
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!*

*Where are you going, Great-Heart?
“To hurl high-stationed evil down;
To set the Cross above the crown;
To spread abroad My King’s renown.”
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!*

*Where are you going, Great-Heart?
“To cleanse the earth of noisome things;
To draw from life its poison-stings;
To give free play to Freedom’s wings.”
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!*

Where are you going, Great-Heart?

“ To lift To-day above the Past;
To make To-morrow sure and fast;
To nail God's colours to the mast.”

Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?

“ To break down old dividing-lines;
To carry out My Lord's designs;
To build again His broken shrines.”

Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?

“ To set all burdened peoples free;
To win for all God's liberty;
To 'stablish His Sweet Sovereignty.”

God goeth with you, Great-Heart!

JOHN OXENHAM.

From “The Vision Splendid.”

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A LULLABY

Because some men in khaki coats
Are marching out to war,
Beneath a torn old flag that floats
As proudly as before;
Because they will not stop or stay,
But march with eager tread,
A little baby far away
Sleeps safely in her bed.

Because some grim, gray sentinels
Stand always silently,
Where each dull shadow falls and swells,
Upon a restless sea;
Because their lonely watch they keep,
With keen and wakeful eyes,
A little child may safely sleep
Until the sun shall rise.

Because some swift and shadowy things
Hold patient guard on high,
Like birds or sails or shielding wings
Against a stormy sky;
Because a strange light spreads and sweeps
Across a darkened way,
A little baby softly sleeps
Until the dawn of day.

G. R. GLASGOW.

Chambers's Journal.

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